



dequre
78



dequre
78

M E R Y
Tales, Wittie
Questions,
and Quicke An-
sweres.

Very pleasant to
be Readoe.

I M P R I N -
ted at London, in
Flotestreste, by
H. VVykes.
1567.

259-106

The table.

F hym

that rode
out of Lō-
don, and
hadde hys
seruaunt
folowing
hym on
foote. 1.

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preached

on saynct Chypholers daye. 2.

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Of the curate that sayde our lordes sedde
fyue hundred persons. 4.

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Of the men of the countrey that came
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inge. 7.

Of him that fell into the fyre. 8.

Of him that vled to call his seruaunte
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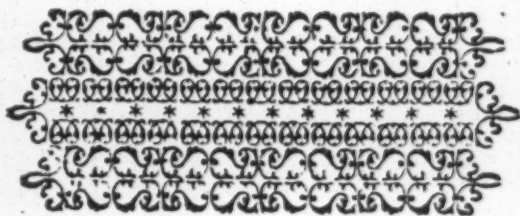
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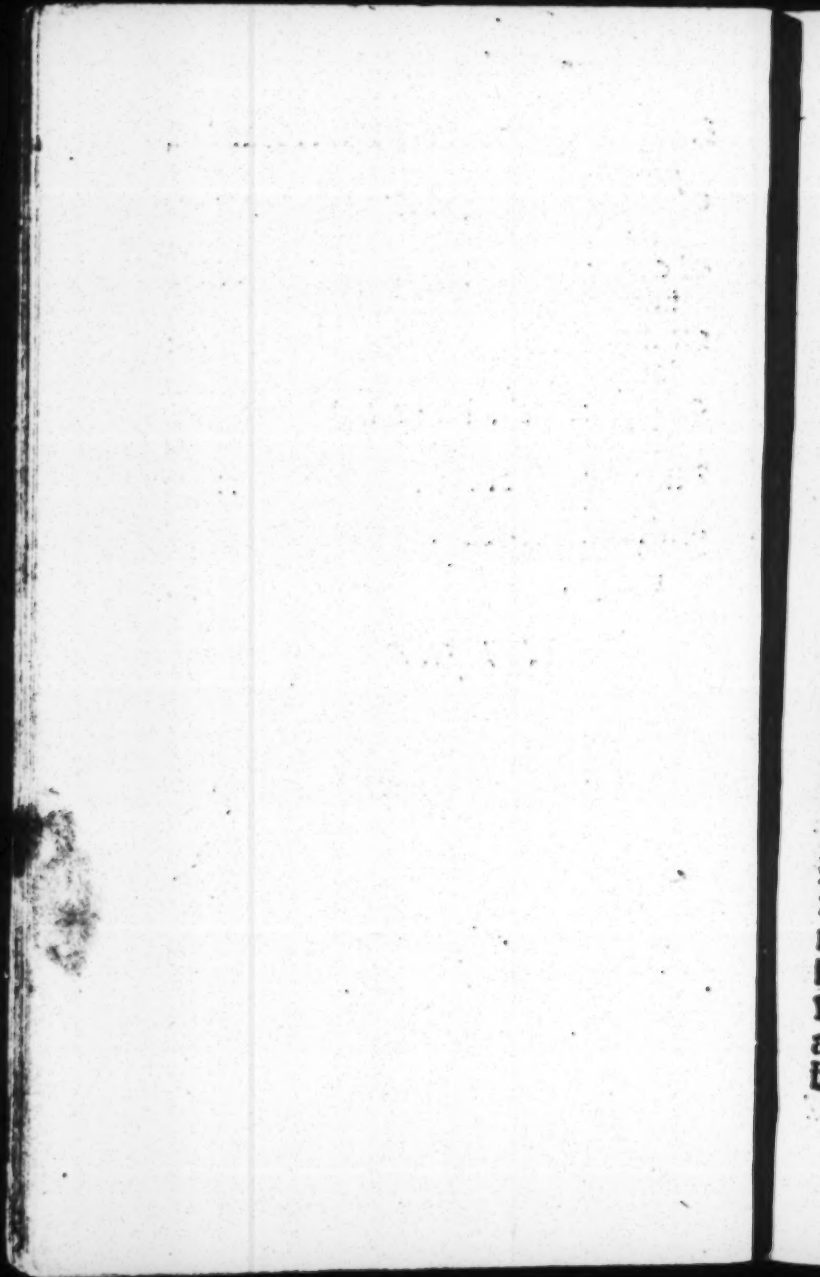
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FINIS.





❖ Of him that rode out of Lon-
don, and had his seruaunt fo-
lowyng on foote. i.



A man that on a
tyme rode fyve
myle out of Lon-
don, had his ser-
uaunte folowing
after hym on foote
whiche came so
nere that the hors
strake hym a gre-
ate stroke vpon y^e thye. The seruaunte
thynkyng to be reuenged, toke a greate
stone and threwe at the horse, and hytte
his maister on the raynes of the backe,
who thought it had ben his horse. He
withyn a while loked backe and chyde his
seruaunt, because he came haltyng so
farre behynd: The seruaunt answered:
Syr, your horse hath geue me suche a
stroke vpon my thygh, that I can goe
no faster. Trewly sayd his maister, y^e
horse is a greate kickar, for lykewise
with his heele ryght now he gaue me
a greate stroke vpon the raynes of my
backe.

Wely tales.

**Of him that preached on saynt
Christophers day. ii.**

A fryer that preached vpon a saynt
Christophers day, greatly lauding saint
-Christopher, said: what a prerogative
had he here in earth, in his armes to
beare our sauour? was there euer any
lyke him in grace. A homely blunt se-
lois herying him aske twyle or thysle
that question so earnestly, answered: yes
mary. The asse that bare both him and
his mother.

**Of the Frencheman, that
stroue with the Ianway
for his armes. iii.**

A certayne Ianway, that the French
kyng had hyred to make warre agaynst
the Englyshe men, bare an ore heade
peynted in his shielde: the which shielde
a noble man of Fraunce challenged:
and so longe thei stroue, that they must
nedes fyght for it. So at a daye and
place appoynted the Frenche gallaunt
cam into the feelde rycheley armed 'at
all peces. The Ianway all vnarmed
came also into the feelde, and saied to
the frenche man, wherfore shall we this
day

Many tales.

day fyght : mary saied the frenche man, I wyll make good with my body that these armes were myne auncestours befoze thyne, what were your ancelours armes (quoth the Janwaye) An ore heade, saied the frenche man. Than sayed the Janwaye, here nedeth no battayle: For this that I beare is a cotes heade.

By this tale ye perceiue how mycelly the bayne bragging of the frenche man was derpyed.

¶ Of the curate that sayde our lordes sedde. b. l. persons. liii.

A curate that preached on a tyme to his parishens, saied that our lord with fyue lounes fed fyue hundred persones. The clerke hering him saile, saied softly in his eare: Syr, ye erre, the gospel is five thousand. Hold thy peace foole said the curate, thet will scantly beleue, that they were fyue hundred.

¶ Of him that profered his daughter in maryage. b.

¶ There was a man vpon a tyme, whil
A ii the

Wely tales.

profered his daughter to a ponge man
in marriage, which ponge man refused
hir and saied, that she was to ponge to
be married. **I**wis (quoth hir foolishe
father) she is moze able than ye wene.
For she hath borne thre children by
our parishe clerke.

So, by this tale ye se, that fooles can
not tel what and whan to speake: ther-
fore it were best for them to keepe al-
waye silence.

**Of them that came to London
to bye a Crucifix. vi.**

There were certayne men bypon a
tyme sent out of a village to London to
bye a Crucifixe of wodde. The Carver
that thei came to, seing and hearyng by
their wordes, that they were but foo-
lishe blunt felowes, asked them, whe-
ther they wolde haue the image a lyue
oz elles deade, whiche question so abas-
shed them, that they went a lyde to de-
cide whether was best. So whan they
had spoken pziuely together, they came
agayne to the carver and said. They
woulde haue the image a lyue: for if
their neighbours at home were not so
con-

Mery tales.
content, that might lyghtly kyll hym,

**¶ Of him that solowed his
wyfe to buryng. bii.**

¶ A man that weping solowed his wyfe
to buryng, rebuked his lyttell soone,
that went with him, because he sange,
and saied he was penythe and madde
to syng at his mothers buryng, but he
should rather be sozpy and weepe. The
childe answered: Father, seyng ye geue
to these priestes money to syng at my
mothers buryng, why be ye angry w
mee, that aske you nothyng for my syn-
gung: His father answered: the priestes
office and thyne is not all one. By this
tale ye may perceyue, that all thynges
beseme not euery body.

¶ Of him that fell into the fyre. biii.

A frowarde felow to his wyfe, bled
to be ouet dzyng many tymes very
late. So on a nyght he taried so longe
out, that his wyfe went to bedde, and
hadde hir mayde make a good fire, and
tary by for hym. About twelue of the
clocke homis he came, and as he stode
A iii war,

Merp tales.

warmyng him by the fyre, his heade
was so rotty, that he fell into the fyre.
The mayde that seyng, ranne by cry-
inge to her maystresse, and sayde: Alas
my mayster is fallen and lyeth longe
straughte in the fyre. No force mayde
(sayde her maystresse) let him lye and
take his pleasure in his owne house,
where so euer him lysteth.

**Of him that vsed to call his seruante
the kyng of fooles. ri.**

A man that had a dulle lumpishe se-
lowe to his seruant, vsed commonly to
cal him the kyng of fooles. The selowe
at laste waryng angry in his minde to
be alway so called, sayde to his maister:
I would I were the kyng of fooles, for
than no man coulde compare with me
in largenesse of kyngdome, and you al-
so shoulde be my subiecte. By this tale
one may perceiue, that to muche of one
thing is not good, many one calleth an
other foole, and is moze foole hym selfe.
Therefore a man shoulde not be hasty
to blame. For the wyse man with his
wordes maketh hym selfe to be beloued.

Of

Mery tales.

C Of the yonge woman that sorowed
so greatly her husbandes death. r.

There was a yong woman, the whiche
for her husband, that laye a dyngs,
sorowed out of all measure, wherefore
hir father came often to hyr and sayed:
Doughter leaue your mournynge, for I
haue prouided for you an other house-
bande, a farre more goodly man. But
she dyd not onely continue in her so-
rowe, but also was greattely displea-
sed, that hyr father maode any motion
to hyr of an other housbande. Assoone
as she had buried hir housbande, and
the soules masse was songe, and that
they were at dinner, betwene sobbyng
and weepynge she rowned his father in
the eare and sayed: father, where is
the same yong man; that ye saied shuld
be myne housebande?

So, thus may ye see, that women so-
row right longe after their housebādes
be departed to God.

C Of him that kissed the maide with
the longe nose. ri.

A bablyng Gentleman, the whiche
on a tyme woulde haue bailed a fayre
A lill maide

Mery tales.

mayde, that had not the leſt noſe ſayed:
How ſhoulde I kyſſe you : your noſe
wyl not ſuffre our lyppes to mete: The
mayden warpyng ſhamelaſt and angry
in hir minde, for with his ſcoffe he a li-
tel touched hir, answered on this wiſe:
Sir, if ye can not kyſſe my mouth for
my noſe, ye may kyſſe me there as I
haue nere a noſe.

Ye maye by this tale learne, that it
is ſoly ſo to ſcoffe, that your ſelfe therby
ſhoulde be laughed to ſcorne agayne.

One that is ouer couetouſe ought not
to attwyte an other of prodigaltee.

Thou arte hir brother (ſayed Alcmeon
to Adraſtus) that ſlew hir houſbande.

But he blamed not Alcmeon for an o-
thers faute, but objected agaynſt hym
his owne. Thou haſte with thy hande
(ſayed he) ſlayne thynne owne mother.

It is not enough to haue rebukes redy,
and to ſpeake vyle woordes agaynſt o-
ther: for he that ſo ſhoulde doe ought to
be without aue byce. For of all men,
ſayeth Plutarchus, he ought to be in-
nocent, and haue the lyfe vnculpable,
that woulde reprehende the fautes of o-
ther. The lyttell morall booke ſayeth:

It

Mery tales.

**It is a foule thyng, woorthy of blame
A vice to rebuke and doe the same.**

**¶ The vplandishe mannes answer, cō-
cerning the steeple & the pulpit. xlii.**

In a certayne place, on a tyme the pa-
rishens had pulled downe their steeple,
and had builded it by newe againe, and
had putte oute theyr belles to be newe
founded: and because they rang not at
the Bishops entryng into the byllage,
as they were accustomed to doe, he as-
ked a good homely man, whether they
had no belles in their steeple: he answer-
ed, no. Than saied the bishop, ye maye
sill away your steeple. Why so, and
please your lordshyp (saied the man?)
Because it standeth vacant, saied the
bishop: Than (saied the man) we maye
well sill away an other thyng, that we
haue in our churche, what is that (saied
the Bishop:) That is a pulpit, quoth he,
for this seven yere there was no sermō
made therein.

¶ Of the beggers answer to M.

Skelton the poete. xlii.

**A pooze begger, that was fowle,
Blacke**

Mery tales.

blacke and lothelp to beholde, came on a tyme vnto maister Skelton the poete, and asked him his almes. To whome maister Skelton saied: I praye the get thee awaye from me, for thou lookeste as though thou camst out of hell. The poore man perceluyng he woulde geue hym nothyng, answered: Forsooth fir ye saye trowth, I came oute of hell, why dyddest thou not tary styll there, quoth mayster Skelton: mary fir (quoth the begger) there is no romie for such poore beggers as I am, all is kepte for such gentylmen as ye be.

ad
the chaplen, that said our
lady mattins a bed. xliii.

A chaplen boasted syttinge at his lordes table, that he sayd our lady mattins euery moynynge, besyde all his other seruise and orisons. The lord to proue whether his chaplen did as he sayde, arose early in a moynynge, and went to his chaplens chambze, and called him, saying: where be ye fir William: Here and please your lordshyp, quoth he, in my bed. Why sayd the lord, I thoughte ye had bene vp, and saying of our lady ma

Merry tales.

matins. I am now saying it, quoth the chappelayne, what lying in your bedde (quoth the lord) why sir (sayde the chaplayne) where shoulde women be serued but a bedde?

Of him that lost his purse in Londo. xv.

A man of the courtrype that for busynesse, came vp to London, lost his purse as he wente late in the euenynge. And because the summe therin was greate, he set vp bylles in dyuerse places of the Citie, that yf any manne had found the purse, and would bring it agane to him he shoulde haue well for his labour. A gentleman of the Temple wrote vnder one of his byles that the man shold come to his chamber, and tolde where. So whan he was come, the gentylman asked him, fyrst what was in the purse, secondly, what countrey man he was, and thyrde what was his name. Spoke quoth he, twentie Nobles was in the purse: I am halfe a Wallthe man: and my name is John bp Planken. John bp Planken said the gentleman: I am glad I knowe thy name. For so longe as I lyue, thou nor none of thy nam, shall haue

Gery tales.

hane my purse to keepe. And now we fare
well gentil John by Jankyng. Thus he
was mocked to scorne & wete his wate.

Hereby ye may perceiue, that a man
can not haue a shrewde turne, but o-
ther while a mocke withal.

**Of the marchaunt that lost
his bodgette betwene ware
and London. xbi.**

A certayne marchaunt, that betwene
ware and London lost his bodgett, and
a hundred pound therein, caused to pro-
clayme in diuers market townes, who
so euer had found the sayde bodget, and
woulde bryng it agayne, shoulde haue
twentie pounce for his labour. An ho-
nest husband man, that chanced to find
the saide bodget, brought it to the bay-
ly of Ware, and required his twentie
pounce for his peynes, accorpyng as it
was proclaimed. Whan the couetous
marchaunt vnderstoode this, and that
he must needes pay twentie pounce for
the finding, he saied, that there was
an hundred and twentie pounce in the
bodgette, and so woulde hane had his
owne monete, and twentie pound ouer
So

Mery tales.

So longe they stroue, that the matter was brought before maister Wanafour the good Judge. Whā he vnderstode by the baylle, that the crise was made for a bodget with an hundred pound therin, he demaunded where it was: here, & the baylle, & toke it vnto him. It is iust an hundred pound said the Judge: ye truely, & the baylle. Holde (saide the Judge) to him that sonnd y bodget, take thou this money vnto thine owne vse: and if thou hap to fynde a bodget with a hundredth and twentie poude therin, bryng it to this honeste marchaunte man. It is mine, I losse nomoze but an hundredth pound (quoth the marchant) Ye speake now to late, quoth the Judge.

By this tale ye may vnderstand, that they that go about to deceiue other, be oftentymes deceiued them selve. And sometyme one falleth in the ditch, that he him selve digged.

**Of him that was called
cuckolde. xvij.**

A man, that on a tyme in compaignie betwene earnest and game was called cuckolde, wente angerly home to his wyfe

Merȳ tales.

wyfe, and sayde: wyfe, I was this day
in company called cuckolde, whether
am I one or not? Syr truely (sayed she)
ye be none. By my saythe (sayde he)
thou shalt swere so vpon this boke, and
helde to hir a boke. She denied it long:
but whan she saw he would needes en-
force hir therto, she said: well, sithe I
must nedes swere, I promise you by my
saith, I will swere truely. Ye, doe so
(quoth he.) So she toke the boke in hir
hand, and saide: By this booke sir ye be
a cuckolde. By the masse hoore (said he)
thou lpest, thou sayest it for none other
cause, but to anger me.

By this tale ye may perceiue, that it
is not best at all tymes for a man to be-
leue his wyfe, though she sweare vpon
a booke.

¶ Of the ielous man. xviii.

A man that was right ielous on his
wyfe, dreined on a night, as he late a
bed with hir and slepte, that the dyuell
appeared vnto him and sayed: woul-
dest thou not be glad, that should put
the in suertee of thy wyfe: yes said he.
Holde (said the diuell) as longe as
thou

Mery tales.

thou haste this ryng vpon thy synger
no manne shall make thee cuckolde.
The man was glad therof, and whan
he awaked he founde his synger in his
wyues tayle,

**Of the fatte woman that
solde fruyte. xix.**

As a greate fatte woman sat and
solde fruyte in lent, there came a young
man by, and beheld hir fruyte earnestly,
and speciallie he caste his eyes on hir
figges, she asked him, as was hir gyse:
Sir, will ye haue any figges: they be
sayre and good. And whan she sawe he
was content: she sayd, how many: toll
ye haue syue pounce: He was content.
So she wayed him out syue pounce in
to his lappe: and while she layed asyde
hir balaunce, he wente his waye sayre
and softlie. Whan shee turned hir to
haue taken money, and sawe hir chap-
man go his way, she made after a pace
but faster with hir voyce, than with
hir foote. He dissemblyng the matter,
went still forth on. She made suche
cryng, and folkes gathered so faste,
that he stode still: so in the preare he
shewed

Mery tales.

shewed to the people all the mater, and
saled: I bought nothyng of hir, but
that that she vnasked gaue me, I toke,
and if she wyll, I am content to goe be-
foze the Iustice.

Of a poller that beguiled a preeft. xx.

Upon a tyme in Andwarpe a false
polling felowe came vnto a preeft, that
had his purse hangyng at his gyrdell
stroutyng vnto full of money, that he a
littell befoze had receiuid, and gentils-
ly greatyng hym, saide: Good maister,
our paryshe preeft badde me bye hym a
palle (which is the vppermost bestment
that a preeft singeth masse in) if it wold
please you to goe with me, I woe much
bounde to you: for our curate and you
be of one stature. The preeft was con-
tent. Whan they came there, where
he woulde bye it, the palle was brought
foorth, and the preeft byd it on: the pol-
ler loketh and toseth theron, and prep-
fereth it, but he laid a wite: that it was
to shorte befoze. Nay, quoth the siller,
the faute is not in the bestmente, it is
the stroutynh purse vndernetg that be-
seth it vp: Shorly to speake the preeft
did

Myr tales.

Dyd of his purse, and layed it by, and than the vestment they beheld agayne, whan the poller sawe the pzeeste was tounred, he snached by the purse, and toke his legges and to goe. The pzeeste ranne after with the vestment on his backe: and the vestment maker after the pzeest. The pzeest had stop the theefe the spiler had stop the pzeeste, the poller had holde the madde pzeeste, and every man went he had bene mad in dede, because he had the vestment on his backe. And so while one letted an other, the false poller escaped.

Of Papirius pretertatus. xxi.

Anlus Bellus reherseth, howe the Senatours of Rome on a tyme helde a great counsaile. Before whiche tyme the senatours childzen, called of theyr garmētes Pnery pretertati, vsed to com in to þ parliament house with their fathers. So at this tyme a childe, called Papirius, came in with his father, and herde the great counsaile, the whiche was straitely commaunded to bee kept secrete tyll it was decreed. whan this chylde came home, his mother asked
B him

Mery tales.

him, what the counsaile was. The childe answered, it oughte not to bee tolde. Nowe was his mother more desirous to knowe it than she was before: wherfore she inquiered more straghtly, and more violently. The childe beyng soze constreygned of his mother, shortly deuised a proper mery leasynge. It is reasoned in the parlimente house (quoth he) whether of bothe shoulde be more profitable for the common welth, a man to haue two wiues. or els a woman two husbandes, whan she heard him saie so, his mind was pacified, and forthwith she went and tolde it to the other matrones.

On the morow a greatte comany of the mosse notable wiues of Rome came to the parliment house weepynge, and humbly praisen that rather one woman shoulde be married vnto two men, than two women to one man. The Senatours entring into the court what with the sodayne assemblyng of the wyues and of theyr request, were right soze astonished. Than the childe Papirius stode forth, and enformed the Senatours, howe his mother wolde haue compelled him to vtter the secrete counsaile: and
howe

Myry tales.

how he to contente her mynde, fygned
that leasynge. for which dede the Se-
nators ryght hyghly commended the
chylde's fidelite and wytte. And for the
with they made a Lawe that no childe
after that (sane anely Dapirtus) should
come into the Parlymente house with
his father. And for his greate pru-
dence in that tender age, he had geuen
to him to his greate honoure, this sur-
name, Deteriatus.

Wherby ye may se, that the high trea-
sure of man, and greatest grace, resteth
in wel ordynge of the tonge. The most
prudent Docte Hesiodus sayeth: The
tonge should not runne at large, but
be hydde as a precyous treasure. For of
al the membez of man, the tonge ill or-
dered, is the worst. The tonge blas-
phemeth god: The tonge sklaunde-
reth thy neyghbour. The tonge brea-
keth peace, and stereth by cruell warre
of all thynges to mankynde moste mis-
cheful, the tonge is a broker of bal-
dyng: the tonge setteth frendes at de-
bate: the tonge with flatterynge, de-
tractyon, and wanton tales, enfecteth
pure and clene myndes: the tonge with
out sworde or venome, strangleth thy
brother

Mery tales.

brother and thy freende: and bresely to
speake, the tonge teacheth cursed here-
sies, and of good Christians maketh
Antichristes.

**Of the corrupt man
of lawe. xlii.**

¶ A man of lawe (whiche should be
iudge betwene a poore man and a rich)
the poore man came & gaue him a glasse
of oyle (whiche was as muche as his
power woulde stretch to) and desired
that he woulde bee good in his mattier:
yes (quoth he) the matter shal passe with
thee. The rich man perceiuyng that,
sent to the same iudge a fat hogge, and
praised him to be fauourable on his side,
wherfore he gaue iudgement agaynst
the poore man. When the poore man
saw, that he was condemned, pityously
complaynyng he said to the Judge: Syr
I gaue you a glasse of oyle, and ye pro-
mised by your sayth, that the matter
shoulde passe with me. To whom the
iudge saied: For a trowth there came a
hogge into my house, whiche found the
glasse of oyle, and ouerthrew and brake
it: and so throught spilling of the oyle I
cleane

Every tales.

cleane forgotte thee.

Wherby ye may see, that evermore
amonge.

The riche hath their wyl, the poore
taketh wzonge.

**Of kynge Iowes of Fraunce,
and the housband man. xxiij.**

What tyme kynge Iowes of Fraunce
the leaue of that name, because of the
trouble that was in the realme, kepte
him selfe in Burgoyne, he chaunced by
occasion of huntyng to come acquainte
ted with one Canon, a homely house-
bande man, and a playne meanyng fe-
low. In whiche maner of men the
hygh princes greatly delite them. To
this mans house the kynge ofte resor-
ted from huntyng. And with greatte
pleasure he would eat radyshe rootes
with him, within a while after whan
Iowes was restored home, and hadde
the gouernance of Fraunce in his
hande, this housbande man was coun-
sailed by his wyfe, to take a goodly
sorte of radyshe rootes, and to goe and
geue them to the kynge and put him in
mynde of the good there, that he had

Mery fles.

made him at his house. Canon bntwyl-
lynge so to do, answered, what foolishhe
woman, trowest thou the great princes
remembre suche small pleasures? But
for all that she would not rest, tyl Con-
chose out a greate syghte of the sayrest
rootes, and tooke hys iourney towarde
the court. But as he went by the way
he eate vp all the raddyshe rootes, saue
one of the greatest.

Canon peaked into the court, and
stode where the kyng shuld passe by. By
and by the kyng knew him, and called
him to him. Canon stepte to the kyng,
and presented hys roote with a gladd
chere. And the kyng tooke it more
gladlye, and bade one, that stode nere
to him, to lape it vp amonge those lew-
elles that he wasteloned: And than
commaunded Canon to dyne with
hym, whan dyner was doone, he than-
ked Canon: and whan the kyng sawe
that he woulde departe home, he com-
maunded, to geue hym a thousande
crownes of golde for his raddyshe roote.
Whan this was knowen in the kynges
house, one of the court gaue the kyng
a propre mynyon hoise. The kyng per-
ceiuyng, that he dydde it, because of the
libe,

Every tales.

liberalitee shewed vnto Conon, with
herie glad chere he tooke the gyfte, and
rounsayled with his lordes, howe and
with what gyfte he myght recompence
the hoyle, that was so goodlye and
sayre. This meane while the pycke
thanke had a maruaylous greate hope,
and thought in his mynde thus: If he
so well recompensed the raddyshe roote
that was geuen of a rustical man: how
muche moze largely wyl he recom-
pence suche an hoyle, that is geuen of
me that am of the court: whan every
man had saied his minde, as though
the kynge had counsaied about a great
weyghtye mattier, and that they had
longe sed the pycke thanke with vayne
hope, at last the kynge saied: I remem-
bre now, what we shall geue hym, and
so he called one of his lordes, and bad
hym in his eare, go fetch him that that
he sounde in his chambze (and told hym
the place where) seately folded vp in
filke. Anone he came and brought the
raddyshe roote, and even as it was fol-
ded vp, the kynge, with his owne hand,
gave it to the courtier, saying: we sup-
pose your hoyle is well recompensed
with this letwell, for it hath coste vs
B iiii a thou

Myrry tales.

a thousande crownes. The courtier
went his way neuer so glad: and whan
he had vnsoldid it he founde none other
treasure, but the radish the roote almost
wethered,

Of an other picke thanke, and
the same kyng. *xxiii.*

Upon a tyme a seruauit of the fore-
named kynges, seying aloune crepe vp-
pon the kyngs robe, kneled downe, and
put vp his hande. as though he woulde
doe somewhat, and as the kyng bowed
him selfe a littell, the mā toke the lounce.
and couesed hir away pryncely. The
kyng asked hym what it was: he was
ashamed to shew. So muche the kyng
instanted him, that at laste he confes-
sed, it was a Lounce. Oh (quoth the
kyng) it is good locke. For this decla-
reth me to be a man. for that kynde of
bermyne principally greenth mankind,
spectally in youth. And so the kyng
comaunded to geue him fiftie crownes
for his labour.

Not longe after an other, seeynge
that the kyng gaue so good a rewarde
for so small a pleasure, came and kne-
led

Merry tales.

led doſome, and putte by his hande,
and made as though he tooke and con-
ueyed ſome what priuely a waye. And
whan the kyng constrained him to tell
what it was, with much diſſemblynge
ſhamefaſtneſſe, he ſaide, it was a flea.
The kyng perceyuyng his diſſymula-
cion, ſaid to him, what wouldeſt thou
make me a Dogge? And ſo for his fiftie
crownes, that he prouled for, the kyng
commaunded to geue hym ſyſtpe
ſtrypes.

Whereby ye maye note that there is
great dyfference betwene one that doth
a thyng of good wyll and mynde, and
him that dothe a thyng by crafte and
diſſymulation: whiche thyng this no-
ble and moſte prudent prince well vn-
derſtoode. And one ought to be well
warre, howe he hath to doe with hyghe
princes and theyr buſyneſſe. And yf the
Eccleſiaſt forbidd, that one ſhall mynde
none yll to a kyng, how ſhuld any dare
ſpeake or doe yll?

E Of Thales the astronomer
that fell in a ditch. xxx.

Claertius wyrteth, that Thales Mi-
lcſius

Mery tales.

Iesus wente out of his house vppon a tyme, to behold the sterres for a certain cause, and so long he went backward, that he fell plumbe into a ditch ouer the eares. Wherfore an olde woman. that he kept in his house, laughed and sayed to him in derisio, O Chales, how shoudlest thou haue knowlage in heuēly thynges aboue, & knowest not what is here beneth vnder thy feete?

Of the astronomer that theues robbed. rrbv.

As an astronomer late vpon a time in the market place of the towne, and toke vpon hym to diuine and shewe, what their fortunes and chaunces shoulde be, that came to him: there came a felow and tolde him (as it was in dede) that theues had broken into his house, and had bozne away all that he had. These tidynges greued him so sore, that all beaute and sorowfully he rose vp and went his wate. Whan the felow sawe hym dooe so, he sayde: O thou foolishhe and mad man, goest thou aboute to diuine other mens matters, and art ignorant in thine owne?

¶ This

Merry tales.

This tale (besyde the blinde erroure of suche fooles) toucheth thelm, that handell theyr owne mattiere lewdely, and wyl intermeddle in other menncs. And Cicero sayeth : That wyse man, that can not profite hym selfe, hath but littell wisedome.

Of the ploughe man that sayd
his pater noster. xxviii.

A rude vplandishe ploughe manne, whiche on a tyme reprouynge a good holpe father, saied that he coulde saye all his prayers with a hole mynde, and stedfast intencion, withoute thinkyng on any other thyng. To whom the good holpe man sayde: Go to, saye one Pater noster to the end, & thynke on none other thyng, and I wyl geue the mine horse. That shall I dooe, quoth the ploughe man, and so began to saye, Pater noster quies in celis, tyll he came to Sanctificetur nomen tuum, & than hys thought moued hym to aske this question: Pea but shall I haue the saddle and byddell withall? And so he losse hys bargayne.

¶

Mery tales.
Of him that dreamed he
founde golde. xxviii.

There was a man, that dreamed on a nyght, that the diuell ledde him into a feelde to digge for golde, and whan he had founde the golde, the dyuell sayde: Thou canst not cary it away now, but marke the place, that thou maist fetch it an other tyme. What marke shall I make (quoth the man?) Shyte ouer it (quoth the dyuell,) for that shall cause every man to shon the place, and for the it shalbe a speciall knowlage. The man was contente, and did so. So whan he awaked out of his sleepe, he perceiued, that he had soule defiled his bed. Thus betwene stinke and dyt vp he rose, and made him ready to goe soorth: and last of all he put on his bonet, wherein also the same nyght the catte had shyt. For greate stynke whereof he threwe away his couer knane, & was fayne to washe his bushe. Thus his golde dreame tour ned all to dyte.

Cicillius sayeth: Dreames in the nyght begylen, and cause fearefull myndes to drede thynges that neuer shalbe. But yet **Claudian saythe:** **Dreames**

Every tales.

mes in sondre wise figured, geue warnyng of unluckie thynges. And Valerius maximus writeth, that as Hamulcar besieged the cytie of Siracuse, he dreamed, that he heard a voyce saye, that he the nexte daye shoulde sup with in the cytie. Wherfore he was ioyefull, as though the victorie from heauen had been to him promised. And so appa- rayled his hoste to assaulte the towne: in whiche assaulte he chaunced to bee taken in his lodgynge by his enemyes, and so bounden lyke a prisoner, they led him into their cytie. Thus he more disceined by hope, than by his dreame, supped that nyght with in the citie as a prisoner, and not as a conquerour as he presumed in his minde. Alcibiades also had a vision in the nyght of his miserable ende.

This tale sheweth, that dreames som- tyme come to passe by one meane or o- ther. And he that desireth to knowe more of dreames, written in our En- glishe tongue, let him rede the tale of the nounnes preest, that B. Chausler wrote: and for the skeles, howe drea- mes: and swevenes are caused, the be- gynnynge of the booke of Fame, & which sayed

Wery tales.

**sayde Chauser compiled, with many an
other matter full of wisdom.**

**Of the crakyng yong gentylman, that
would ouerthow his enemies
a myle of. rix.**

**A yonge gentylman in a cite, that
was besyged, rebuked the othre, and
called theym cowherdes, because they
woulde not yssue oute, and fyght with
theyr enemies. So he armed at al peces
gatte hym on horsebacke, and gallopte
oute at the gates. Whan he thus cra-
kyng had prycked on about a myle, he
encountred with many, that returned
home from the skyrmysshe sore wound-
ded. Wherfore he began to ride a softer
pace. But whan he hearde the hideouse
noyse, and saw a myle from hym, how
fierly they of the cite and their enemies
assayled eche other, he stoode even styll.
Than one, that hearde this crakyng be-
fore, asked hym, why he rode no nere
to fight with theyr enemies. He answe-
red and sayde: Truely I finde not my
selfe so able and stronge in armes, that
my heart wyll serue me to ride any
nere to them.**

Wherby

Myr tales.

Wherby may be noted, that not onely the force of the mynde, but also of the body shoulde be well considered. Noz one shoulde not bragge and boast to doe more, than he may well atcheue. There be many, which with their wordes flea their enemies a great waile of, but when they see their enemies, they put on a sure breast plate and a gorget of a myle of lenght. Plutarcke wyrteth that whan Demetrius made warre for Darius against Alexander, he heard one of his souldiours crike and speake many yll wordes agaynst Alexander, wherfore he rapt him on the pate with a Tanelynge, saynge, I hyzed thee to fyghte agaynst Alexander, and not to crike and prate.

Otherwhile (sayeth Quintus Curtius) the couetousnesse of glozy, and the insaciabie desire of fame, causeth, that we thynke nothyng ouer muche or ouer hard. But Salust sayeth: Before a manne enterpryse any feate, he oughte fyrst to counsaile, and after to goe in hande there with, not headlyng noz slowly.

Of

Mery tales.

Of him that fell of a tree and
broke his ribbe. xxx.

There was a houlbande man, which
on a tyme as he clymbed a tree to geat
downe y fruite, fell and brake a ribbe
in his syde. To comfort him came a very
mery man, whiche as they talked toges
ther, saide, he would teach him such a
rule, that if he woulde folowe it, he
should neuer fall from tree more. Mary
(saied the hurte man). I woulde ye had
taught me that rule before I fell: neuer
thelesse hercase it maye hap to profite
me in tyme to come, leat me heare
what it is. Than the other saied: Take
hede, that thou goe neuer downe faster
than thou wentest vp, but descend as
softly as thou climmest vp, and so thou
shalt neuer fall.

By this tale ye may note, that ab
dyng and slownesse otherwhyle at good
and commendable, specially in those
thynges, wherin speede and hast cause
great hurte and damage. Seneca saith
A sadayne thyng is nought.

Of

Many tales.

¶ Of the Prier that bzaide in
his sermon. xxxi.

¶ A Prier that preached to the people
on a tyme, woulde other while crye out
a loude (as the maner of some fooles is)
whiche bzaing dyd so moue a woman
that stode hearyng his sermon, that she
wepte. He perceyving that, thought
in his mynde, that hyr conscience, beyng
pycked with his woordes, had caused
hyr to weepe. Wherefore whan his
sermon was done, he called the woman
to him, and asked what was the cause
of hir weppynge, and whether his woordes
moued her to weepe or not. Forsoth
mayster (sayed she) I am a poore wi-
dowe: and whan myne husbande died,
he lefte me but one Asse, whiche gotte
parte of my liuyng: the whiche Asse the
wolves haue slayne: and now whan I
hearde your highe voyce, I remembred
my selfe asse, for so he was wote to bzaie
bothe nyght and daye. And this good
maister caused me to wepe.

¶ Thus the lewde bzaier, rather than
preacher, confused with his foolishnesse
wente his waye: whiche thynkyng
for his bzaing like an Asse to be repu-

Mery tales.

fed for the best preacher, deserved well
to here hym selfe compared to an asse.

For truely one to suppose hym selfe
wyle.

Is vnto foolyshnes the verpe fyrste
gyfte.

**The oracyon of the ambassadour sent
to bysshop Urban. xxxii.**

Out of the towne of Parusyn were
sent vpon a tyme three ambassadours
vnto Urban, than bysshop of Rome,
whom they found sycke in his bed. Be-
fore whom, one of the sayde ambassa-
dours made a longe and a tedyeuse o-
racion, that he hadde deuyled by the
way: the whiche or it was ended, ryght
soze anoyed the bysshop. whan he had al
sayd, the bysshop asked: Is there any
thyng els? An other of the three, per-
ceyving howe greatly the ambagious
tale greued the bysshop, to here it out,
sayd, This is all the effect, and if you
speede vs not forthwith, my felowe
shall tell his tale agayne. At whiche
saying the bysshop laughed. and caused
the ambassadours to bee sped inconty-
nent.

Merry tales.

In this tale one may lerne, that su-
persuous wordes ought diligently to
be avoided, specially where a matter
is treated before an hygh prince.

Of the ambassadour sent to
the prince Agis. xxxiii.

Not muche unlyke the forsayd tale
Plutarche reciteth: that whan the am-
bassadour of the Abderitees had at laste
ended a longe tale to the prince Agis, he
asked what answer he shulde make to
them that sent hym: Saye unto them
(saie the prince) whan thou comest home,
that all the long tyme, that thou dydst
dispend in tellyng thy tale, I satte byll
and hearde thee paciently.

The answer of Cleomenis to the
Samiens ambassadour. xxxiiii.

Plutarchus reherseth also, that
whan tyme an ambassadour, that was
sent from the Samiens, hadde made a
longe oracyon unto Cleomenis, to per-
swade hym to make warre to Policra-
tes, he answered the ambassadour on
this maner of wyse: I remembre not,
E ii what

Merly tales.

What thou sayedst in the begynninge of thy tale, and therfore I vnderstand not the middes, and thy couclucion pleaseth me not.

Whereby we may perceiue, that the noble wise men loue fewe wordes: And as the Rhetorians teache: Amonge the vices of an oratoure there in none moze hurtfull, than the superfluousse heape of wordes.

**Of the wyse man Disso, and his
seruaunte. xxxv.**

A certayn wise man called Disso, to a
uoyde greuous sanglyng, commaunded
that his seruaunte should say nothyng
but aunswere to that that they weare
demaunded, and no moze. Upon a day
the sayde Disso made a diner, and sent
a seruaunte to desyre Clodius the Con-
sull to come and dyne with hym. About
the houre of dyner all the geastes came
saue Clodius, for whome they tarped
till it was almoste night, and ever sent
to looke yf he came. At laste Disso
sayde to his seruaunte: Dydst thou bid
the Consull come to diner: Yes truelye
said he, why cometh he not than, quoth
Disso

Every tales.

Diso : Mary, quoth the sernaunt, he
sated he woulde not. Wherfoze toldest
me not so incontynenc, quoth Diso: Be-
cause, quoth this sernaunt ye dydde not
aske of me.

By this tale seruantes may learne to
kepe their maysters bidding: but yet
I aduise maisters thereby to take hede,
howe they geue an intunction.

**Of the marchant that made a wager
with his lord. xxxvi.**

A certayne marchaunte before hys
soueraygne lord amonge other thyn-
ges praysed his wife, and sayde, that
he neruer hearde hir lette a fart. Wher-
at the lord maruailed, and sayed, it
was impossible: and so layde and ven-
tred a supper with the marchaunt, that
before thre monethes were ended, he
shoulde here hir lette a farte o: twaine,
On the morowe the lord came to the
marchaunt, and borrowed fyfty crow-
nes: the whiche he promysed trewely
to repaire agayne within eyght dayes
after. The marchaunt, ryght soze a-
gaynst his will lente it: And thought-
fully abode tyll the dave of pyamente

Merch tales.

was come: and than he wēt to his lord,
and requyred his money. The lord ma-
kyng as though he had had more neede
than befoze: desyred the marchaunt to
lend hym other fifty crownes: and pro-
myssed to pay all wythin a moneth. And
although the good man denyed it long,
yet for feare lest he shoulde lose the fyrst
summe, wyth muche grutchyng he lent
hym the other fifty crownes. And so
went home to his house ryght heuy and
sorrowful in his minde. Thus thynkyng
and dreaddyng dyuers thynges, he pas-
sed many nightes away without slepe.
And as hee lay wakyng, he hearde hys
wyfe now and than rappe out fartes.
At the monethes ende, the Lorde sent
for the marchaunte, and asked hym, yf
he neuer syth hearde his wyfe let a fart.
The marchant acknowledgyng hys fa-
ly, answered thus: For sooth sir, yf I
shoulde for every farte paye a supper,
all my goodes and landes woulde not
suffyce therto. After whych aunswere
the lord payed the marchaunt hys mo-
ney, and the marchaunt payed the sup-
per.

By this ye may se, that many thynges
passe by them that sleepe. And yf is
an

Merȝ tales.

An olde saying : He that sleepeth, by-
tereth nobody. By thys tale ye maye
note also, that they the whyche fortaung
sweetely embzareth, take theyr reste and
sleepe soundely : and contrariwysely,
they that been oppressed wpyth aduersi-
tee, watche sorowfullye, whaur they
shoulde sleepe. Thys man, wpyche for
a very foolyshe thyng praysed his wyse
afterwarde, whan lyttell care beganne
to crepe about his stomake, he percei-
ued that faute in hyr ryght greate. The
moral booke, called Cato, counsaileth
vs to watche for the more parte : for
much slomber and sleepe is the noyshes
mentes of vyces.

Of the frer that gaue sermons a-
gaynst the pestylence. xxxviii.

Amonge the lymytours in the cytee of
Wyburtyne, was a certayn frer,
whyche vled to preache about in f hylla-
ges to men of the countrey, and for as
muche as they greatly suspected, that
a plague or pestylence shoulde come a-
monge them, he promysed eche of them
a lyttell scrowe : whiche he sayed was
of suche vertue, that whoso euer bare

Every tales.

It hangyng about his necke, fyftee-
n daves, shoulde not dye of the pestylence.
The foolyshe people trustyng here up-
on, every one after his power gave him
money for a scrowe: and with a threde
of a maydens spynyng, they hanged it
aboute theyr neckes. But he charged
them, that they shoulde not open it, tyll
the fyftere daves ende, for yf they dyd,
he sayde it had no vertue.

So whan the cryer had gathered much
money, he wente hys way: Soone after
(as the desyre of folkes is too knowe
newes) the sayde scrowes were redde:
In whych was wyrtten in Italyan
spech *Donna si fili, et caderi lo fuso, quãdo
ra fieri, tieni lo culo chinfo*, Whych is to
say in englyshe: woman yf thou spyne
& thy spyndel fall awaye, whan thou
stoupest to-reache for hym, holde thyne
arse close. He sayd that thys passed all þe
preceptes & medicines of the physicions.

By whych tale ye may learne, that
all is not gospel, that suche wanderers
about say, nor every woꝛde to be bele-
ned: for aften tymes *Gilidus iacet an-
guis in herba*.

Myrry tales.

Of the phisicion that vsed to wyte
bylles ouer nyght, rrrviii.

A phisicion of Italy vsed ouer nyght
to write for sundry dyseases diuers byl-
les called receites, and to put them in
a bagge all together: In the mornynge
whan the byrnes (as the custome is)
were brought to him, and were de-
scribed to shewe some remedy, he would put
his hand into the bagge, and at all ad-
uentures take oute a byll: And in ta-
kyng out the byll he would saye to hym
that came to seeke remedy in their lan-
guag: *Deus dñs te lamandi bona,*
That is to saye: *Praye God to send thee*
a good one.

By this tale ye may see, that misera-
ble is theyr state, whiche fortune must
helpe and not reason. Suche a phisicion
on a tyme sayd to *Pausanias* thou ap-
lest nothing. *No* sayd he, I haue not had
to doe with thy physicke. And another
tyme a freend of his sayd: *Sy* ye ought
not to blame that phisicion: for his phy-
sicke dyd you neuer hurte. *Thou sayest*
trouth quoth he: for yf I had proued his
physicke, I should not now haue been a
lyue

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lyue. And agayne to another, that sayd:
Spz, ye be an olde man, he answered: ye
thou were not my physicyon. Such ma-
ner checkes are to lyttell for the lewde
fooles, that wyll practyse physike, be-
fore they knowe what longeth to theyr
name.

Of hym that wold confesse hym
by wytyng. xxxix.

There was a ponge man on a tyme,
whyche wrote a long lybell of his sin-
nes, whether he dyd it for hypocrysie,
foolyshenesse, or oblyuon, I can not
saye: and whan he shoulde confesse hym,
he gaue it to the confessor to reade:
whyche confessor beyng wel learned
and expert in that husineisse, perceyued
it woulde requere a longe tyme to reade
ouer: wherfore after a fewe wordes he
sayde: I assoyle thee from all the sinnes
confermed in thys lybell. Pea but what
shall my penaunce be (quoth the pong
manne.) Nothyng els sayde the confes-
sour, but that thou shalt the space of
a moneth, reade thys lybell ouer every
day seven tymes. And althoughe he
sayed it was impossyble for hym to do,
yet the confessor woulde not chaunge
hys

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hys sentence. By whych merye subtyll
answere he confuted the byble byable
of the foolyshe felowe.

By thys tale ye may perceyue, that he
that occupieth thys offyce, that is to say
a confessor, ought to be discrete, p:u-
dent, and well lerned. Thys confessor
knowe well the ordinaunce of holpe
churche: whiche wylleth confession to
be made with the mouthe, and not by
wrytyng.

Of the heremyte of Padowe xl.

An heremyte of Padowe, that was
reputed for an holy manne, vnder the
semblaunce of confession, entyred ma-
ny of the notable wyues of the towne
vnto foly and lewdenesse. So at laste,
whan hys offence was vnpulgate and
knowen (for hypocrysie can nat longe
be hydde) he was taken by the prouost,
and brought before the pryncce of Pa-
dow, duke francis the seuenth of that
name, whiche for his dysporte sent for
his secreтары to wryte the womens na-
mes, that the Heremyte had layen by.
Whan the heremyte had rehersted many
of the dukes seruauntes wyues, and
the

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the secretary merelp laughyng, had wryt-
ten them, he seemed as he hadde al sayd
Be there any mo sayd the duke? No for
sothe sayd the hermyt. Tell vs trouth
(quoth the secretary) who be mo, or els
thow shalt be sharpely punished. Than
the hermyt syghyng, sayde: Go to wryte
thine owne wise in among the numbze
of the other. Whych saying so soze gre-
ued the Secretary, that the penne fell
out of hys hande, and the duke laughed
ryghte heartely, and sayde: It was well
doone, that he that with so greate plea-
sure hearde the faulte of other mannes
wises, should come in the same numbze

By .hys iest we may learne, that one
oughte not to reioyce at an others grese
or hurte: For lytel wotteth a man what
hangeth ouer hys owne head.

**¶ Of the bplandishe man, that
saue the kynge. xli.**

**¶ An bplandishe man, nourysshed in
woodes, came on a tyme to the Cytie,
whan all the streates were full of peo-
ple, and the common voice among them
was: The kynge commeth. This rurall
man, moued with noueltie of that voice
had**

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had great desire to see, what that multitude bowed to beholde. Sodaynly the kyng with many nobles and states before hym, came ridyng royally. Than the people all about steadfastly behelde the kyng, and cryed aloude: God saue the kyng: God saue the kyng. This villaine hearing the crye so, said, O where is the kyng, where is the kyng? Than one shewyng him the kyng, sayd: Ponder is he, that rideth vpon the goodlye whyte horse. Is that the kyng (quoth the villayne?) what thou mockest me ich wene: for me thinketh that is a man in a peyncted garment.

By this tale ye may perceiue (as Iycurgus proued by experience) that nourysshynge, good byngeing vp, and exercise been more apt, to leade folke to humanitee: and the doyng of honest thynges, than nature hir selfe. They for the most part are noble, free, and vertuous, which in their youth been wel brought vp, and vertuously enductrined. And the booke saith. My sonne, receiue doctrine from thy youth vp, so shalt thou synde wisdom.

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Of the courtier, that had the
boye holde his horse. .xlvi.

A courtier on a time, that alighted of
his horse at an Inne gate, sayd to a boye
that stood therby Ho. sir boye, holde my
horse. The boye as he had ben aserd, and
swered: O mayster this is a fierce horse,
is one able to hold hym: Yes & the cour-
tier, one may holde hym well ynough:
wel (& the boye) yf one be able ynough,
thā I pray you hold him your own self.

Of the deceptfull scrivenner. .xlvii.

A Scrivenner, wherby had but a bare
luyng by his craft, Imagyned how he
might get money: So he cam to a yong
man, and asked hym, yf he were payed
tenne ponde, which a certayne man,
that was deade, borrowed and ought
to paye his father in tyme past. The
younge man sayd, there was no suche
dutye owyng in his fathers name, that
he knewe of. It is of trouth, quoth the
Scrivenner: for here is the obligacyon
therof, whiche I made my selfe. Hee
promoked the yonge man so muche, that
he gaue hym money for the obligacyon,
and

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and before the mayer he requyred the
duetie. His sonne, that was named to
be better, sayde playnly, that his father
never borrowed money: for yf he had, it
woulde appere by his bookes, after the
marchantes maner. And forthwith he
went to the Scrivener, and sayd to hym
y he was a false mā, to write a thyng
that never was done. Sonne, sayde the
Scrivener, thou wottest not what was
doen that tyme: whā thy father borrow-
ed that sume of money, thou were not
borne: but he payd it agāy within thre
monthes after, I made the quittance
therof my selfe: wherby thy father is dis-
charged. So y yong man was sayne to
geue hym money for the quittance. And
whā he had shewed the quittance, he
was dyscharged of y greuaunce. Thus
by his sayre fraude he scraped money
from them both. By this tale ye may
se, that the children in this our tyme bee
verye prudent to get money.

Of hym that sayd, he beleued his
wyfe better than other, that she
was chaste. xliiii.

A man, whose wyfe (as the boyce
wente)

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Went was not very chaste of hir body was warned of his frendes to loke better to the matter. The mā wene home, and sharpely rebuked his wyfe, and told hir betwene them both, what his frendes had said. She knowyng, that perjury was no greater offence than adoustry, with weepynge and swearyng defended hir honestie: & bare hir husband on hande, that they feigned those tales, for enuie that they had to see the liue so quietly. With those wordes hir husband was content and pleased. So yet an other tyme agayne, his frendes warned him of his wyfe, and bad hym rebuke and chastise hir. To whom he answered and sayde: I praye you, trouble me no more with such wordes. Tell me, whether knoweth better my wiues fautes you or she? She, said they. And she (quod he) whom I beleue better than you all, saith plainly, that ye lye.

This was well and wisely doone of hym, for one ought not to geue lyghte credence to those thynges, weerein resteth perpetuall greue of mynde.

Col

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Of hym that payed his dette
with cryng Bea. xlii.

There was a man on a tyme, whyche
toke as muche ware of a marchaunte,
as dzeue to fiftie pounce, and riotous-
ly playde and spent the same awaye
withyn shorte space. So whan the daye
of payement came, he had nother mo-
ney nor ware to paye: wherfore he was
arrested, and muste come before the
Justice. Whan he saw there was none
other remedye, but that he shoulde bee
constreygned, eyther to paye the dette,
or els to go to pryson, wherfore he went
to a subtyll man of lawe, and shewed
to hym his matter, and desyred hym of
his counsaile and helpe. What wylt
thou geue me (quoth the man of lawe)
yf I ryd the of this dette? By my sayth
I sayd the dettoure, fīue marke: and lo
here it is ready as sone as I am quitte.
ye shall haue it. Good enough (quod
the man of lawe) but thou muste bee
ruled by my counsaile, and thus dooe
whan thou comest before the Justice,
what so euer be sayd vnto the, loke that
thou answer to nothyng, but crye Bea
D Will

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still, and let me alone with the rest, Content (quoth he.)

So when they were come befoze the Justice, he sayde to the dettoure : dooest thou owe this marchante this somme of money, or no ? Bea quoth he, what beest (quoth the Justice) aunswere to thy playnt, or els thou wilt be condemned. Bea quoth he againe. Then his man of lawe stoope forthe, and sayde : Syr this manne is but an ideote, who woulde beleue, that thys marchaunte, whiche is bothe wyse and subtyll, wold truste this ideote, that can speake neuer a redy worde, of fortye peny wozthe of ware ? and so wyth suche reasones hee perswaded the iustice, to caste the marchaunte in hys owne action. So whan the sentence was geuen, the manne of lawe drewe the dettoure asyde and sayd : Lo, how savest thou now ? Haue I not doone well for thee. Thou arte cleere quite of the det that was demaunded of thee, wherfore geue me my woney, and god be wyth thee. Bea quod hee, what quod the Lawier, thou nedest not to cry Bea no longer, thy mattier ys dyspatched, all is at a popnte, there resteth no thyng, but to geue me my wages, that thou

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Thou promysedst. Bea, quoth he agayne
I say (quoth the man of lawe) crye bea
no longer now, but geue me my money,
bea, quod he. Thus the man of lawe,
neyther for sayre nor soule coulde gette
any other thying of hys client, but Bea.
Wherefore all angrily hee departed
and went hys waye.

By this tale ye maye perceyue, that
they, whiche be the inuenteres and de-
uylers of fraude and dysceyte, been of-
ten tymes therby dysceiued theim selfe.
And he that hath hyd a snare to attrap
an other with, hath hym selfe been ta-
ken therein.

Of the woman that apeled fro kyng Philip to kyng Philip. rlii.

A certayne womā gyltlesse on a tyme
was condemned by kynge Philippe of
macedonye, whan he was not sobre,
wherefore she sayde a loude: I appeale,
whyther, & the kyng? To kyng Philip
(& she) but that is, whan he is more so-
bre, and better aduysed. Whiche saying
caused the kyng to loke better on the
mattier, and to doe hir ryght.

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This wyrteth Mal. maximus. But
Plutarche sayeth: it was a man, and
kyng Phillip was halfe a slepe, whan
he gaue sentence.

E Of the olde woman, that prayed for
the welfare of the tyran Denyse. xlvii.

E Whan Denyse the tyranne reygned,
he was for hys crueltee and intollera-
ble dealynge, hated of all the Citty of
Syracuse, and every body wished hys
death, save one olde woman, whiche e-
very moornyng prayed God to save hym
in good lyfe and helth, whan he vnder-
stode, that she so dyd, he meruayled
greatly at hys undeserued good wyll.
Wherefore he sente for hys, and asked,
why and howe he hadde deserved, that
she prayed for hym? She answered and
sayed: I dooe it not wythoute a cause.
For whan I was a mayde, we had a
tyran reygnyng over vs: whose death
I greatly desired, whan he was slayne
there succeeded another yet more cruell
than he: Out of whose gouernance to
be also deliuered, I thought it a hyghe
benefite. The thynde is thy selfe, that
hast begon to reygne over vs more im-
posu-

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portunatelȳe than eyther of the other
twoo. Thus fearynge, leaſt whan thou
art gone, a worſe ſhould ſuccede, I pray
God dayly to preſerue thee in health.

¶ Of the Phyſicion Eumonus . xlviii.

¶ A Phyſicion called Eumonus , tolde
a ſicke manne that laye in great payne
that he coulde not ſcape , but he muſte
needes dye of that dyſeaſe . Thys ſycke
man wythin a whyle after , not by the
Phyſicions healpe , but by the wyll of
God , gueryſhed and was hole of hys
dyſeaſe: howe be it he was verȳe lowe,
and bare broughte . And as he walked
foorth on a day, he mette the ſame phȳ-
ſicyon , whyche doubtynge whether it
were the ſame ſicke manne oz not, ſayd
Arte not thou Baſus: yes truelye quoth
he . Arte thou alȳue oz deade, ſayde the
phyſicyon : I am deade: quoth he, what
doeſt thou here than , ſayde the Phyſi-
cyon : Becauſe (quoth he) that I haue
experience of many thynges, God hath
commaunded me that I ſhoulde come,
and take vp all the phyſicyons that I
can get to hym . Whyche ſaying made
Eumonus as pale as aſhes for feare .

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Than Balus sayde to hym: Dredde thou
not Eumonus, though I sayde al physy-
cyons, for there is noo man that hath
wyte, that wyl take thee for one.

Of Socrates and hys scoldyng wyfe. xlii

Claertius wyrteth that the wyse man
Socrates had a curled scoldyng wyfe,
called Xantippe, the whyche on a daye
after she had all to chyld hym, powred a
pyssle potte on hys head. He takyng all
pacyentlye sayde: Dyd not I tell you
that whan I hard Xantippe thunder so
faste, that it would rayne shortly after.

Whereby ye maye se that the wyser
a man is, the more pacyente he take it.
The wyse Poete Virgill sayeth: All for-
tune by sufferaunce must be overcome.

**Of the phisicion that bare hys preyntie
on hande he had eaten an asse. l.**

A phisicion, whyche had butte small
learnynge, viced, whan he came to bysite
hys pacyentes, to touche the pi. ce, and
yf any appayzed, he wold lay the blame
on the pacyent, and beare hym on hand
that he had eate fyggcs, apples, or some
other

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other thyng that he forhad : and because the payentes other whyle confessed the same: they thought he had been a very counnyng man. Hys seruaunte had greaite meruayle, howe he perceived that, and desired hys maister to tell hym, whether he knew it by touchyng of the pulse, or els by some other hygher knowlage. Than sayd hys maister: for the good seruice that thou haste doone me, I wyl open to the this secrete point, whan I come into the payentes chamber, I looke all about: and yf I spie in þe floore shales, paring of chese, of aples, or of peares, or any other scrappes, anone I confecte, that the payente hath eaten therof. And so to thende I would be blameles, I lay the faute on theyr mysdietyng.

Not longe after the same seruaunte toke on hym to practyse phisicke: which in lyke maner blamed hys payente, and sayde, that they kept not the dyete, that hee gaue them: and hee bare theym on hande, that they ate some what, whereof hee sawe the scrappes in the floore. On a tyme he came to a poore man of the countrey, and promysed to make hym hole, yf he would be gouer-

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ned after him: & so gaue hym to drinke,
I wote not what, and wente hys way,
till on the morow. Whan he came a-
gayne, he founde the man sicker than
euer he was. The rude foole, not kno-
winge the cause, beheld here and there
about: and whan he could see no scrap-
pes, nor parynges, he was soze trou-
bled in hys mynde. So at last he espied
a saddel vnder the bed. Than sayed he al
a loude, that he had at length perceiued,
howe the sicke man enpayzed: He hath
so excessiuely passed diete (quod he) that
I wonder he is not dead. How so, quod
they: wary (quod he) ye haue made him
to eate an wholle asse: No, where the
saddell lyeth yet vnder the bed. For he
thought the saddell had he lefte of the
asse, as bones are of fleashe. For whiche
foolishnesse he was well laughed to
scorne and mocked.

Thus as a good saythfull physicion
is woorthy of great honour: for truely
of hym dependeth the greatestt parte of
mans helth, so lyke wise a foolishhe and
an vnlearned, that thinketh to cure with
woordes, that he ought to do with her-
bes, is not onely woorthy to be derided
& mocked, but also to be sharpely puni-
shed:

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shed for nothyng is moze perillous.

C Of the inholders wyfe, and
hyr two louers. ii.

C Here vnto Florence dwelled an Inholder, whose wyfe was not very dangerous of hyr taylor. Upon a nyght as there was a bed wyth one of hyr louers, there came an other to haue lyen wyth hyr. Whan she heard hym come by the ladder, she mette hym, and bad hym go thence, for she had no tyme than to fulfill his pleasure. But for all hyr wooz, deshe wolde not goe awaye, but styll preased to come in. So long they stode chydnyng, that the good manne came vpon theym, and asked them, why they brawled so. The woman, not vnprouided of a deceptefull aunswere, sayed: Syr, this man would come in perforce, to steale or myschiese an other, that is fledde into our howse for succour: and hitherto I haue kepte hym backe.

Whan he, that was within, hearde hyr say so, he began to plucke vp hys heart, and sayd, he would be a wreked on hym without. And he that was without, made a face, as he would kill hym that

D b

was

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was within. The foolyſhe man hyr huſ-
bāde, enquired the cauſe of theyr debate
and toke vpon him to ſet theſm at one.
And ſo the good ſely man ſpake & made
the peace betweene theſm bothe. Pea
and further he gaue them a gallan of
wyne: addyng to hys wyues aduoutry
the loſſe of hys wyne.

**Of hym that healed fran-
tycke men. lii.**

Ther dweled a man in Italle, which
bled to heale wen, that were frantpycke,
on this maner. He had within his houſe
a gutter, or a ditche ful of water: wher-
in he would put them, ſome to the mid-
dell legge, ſome to the knee, & ſome dee-
per, as they were madde. So one that
was wel amended, and went about the
houſe to doe on thyng and other for hys
meate, as he ſtoode on a tyme at the gate,
lookyng into the ſtrete, he ſaw a gentil
mā ryde by with a great ſort of haukes
and houndes: the which he caled to him
and ſayde: You gentyll man, whyther
goe ye: On huntynge, quoth the gentyll
man. What dooe you wyth all thoſe
kytes and dogges, & he: They be haukes
and

Merȳ tales.

and houndes, quoth the gentylmanne. Wherefore kepe you theim, quoth the other? For my pleasure quoth the gentleman. What costeth it you a yere to kepe theym (quoth the other?) Forȳe duckettes, quoth the gentleman. And what dooe they profyte you, quoth he? Four duckettes quoth the gentleman. Beat the lyghȳe henle, quoth the mad man: for yf my mayster come and fynde thec here: he wyll put thee into the gutter vp to the throte.

This tale toucheth suche yonge gentylmen that dyspende ouer much good on haukes houndes, and other crysȳng thynges, and bayne fantasȳes.

Of hym that sayd he was not worthy to open the gate to the kyng. liii.

¶ As a kyng of Englande hunted on a tyme in the countrey of Bente, he hapt to come rydyng to a great gate: wher by stode a husbandman of the countrey too whome the kyng sayde: Good felowe put open the gate. The man, perceyvyng it was the kyng, sayd: No and please your grace, I am notte worthy: but I wyll go fetch my master Con-
per

Mery tales.

per, that dwelleth not past twoo myles
hence, and he shal open to you the gate.

**Of mayster Mauasour and
Turpin hys man. liiii.**

Mayster Mauasoure (sometyme a
Judge in Englands) hadde a seruaunt
wyth hym called Turpyn: whyche had
doone hym seruyce many peeres, wher-
fore he came vnto his maister on a tyme
and sayd: Syr I haue done you seruitce
longe, wherefore I praye you gyue me
somwhat to helpe me in myne old age.
Turpyn (quoth he) thou sayest trouth,
and hereon I haue thoughte manye a
tyme, I wyll tell thee what thou shalte
do. Now shortly I must ryde bp to Lo-
don, and yf thou wylte beare my costes
thither: I wyll surely geue thee suche a
thyng, that shall be woorth to thee an
hundred pounde, I am contente quoth
Turpyn. So all the waye as he rode
Turpyn payed his costes, tyl they came
to theyr laste lodgyng: and there after
supper he came to hys mayster, and said
Syr I haue bozne your costes hytherto
as ye bade me, now I praye you let me
see, what thyng it is, that shoulde be
woorth

Very tales.

woozth an hundred pounde to me. Dyd
I promyle thee such a thyng, quoth his
mayster : Pe forsooth quoth Turpin.
Shewe me thy writyng, quoth maister
Maualour, I haue none sayde Turpin.
Than thou arte like to haue nothyng
sayed hys mayster. And learne this at
me: whan so ever thou makest a bar-
gayne with a man, loke that thou take
sure wytynge, and be well ware howe
thou makest a wytyng to any manne,
This poynte hath bayled me an hun-
dred pounde in my dayes : and so it
maye thee. Whan Turpin sawe there
was none other remedie, he helde hym
selfe content. On the morowe Turpin
caried a listell behinde hys mayster, to
reken wyth the hostes where they laye,
and of hyr he borowed so muche money
on his maysters skarlet cloke, as dze we
to all the costes that they spente by the
waye. Mayster Maualour had not rid-
den paste two myles, but that it began
to rayne: wherefore he called for hys
cloake: hys other seruantes said. Tur-
pin was behynd, and had it with hym.
So they houed vnder a tree tyll Tur-
pin ouertoke the. Whan he was come,
mayster Maualoure all angerly sayed:
Thou

Merp tales.

Thou knaue, why comcest thou not a waye with my cloke. Syr, and please you, quoth Turpyn, I haue layed it to gage for your costes all the waye Why knaue (quoth his mayster) dyddest thou not promise to beare my charges to London? Dyd I, quoth Turpyn: yea (quoth his maister) that thou dyddest. Lette see, thewe me your wytyng thereof quoth Turpin, Wherto his maister, I thynke, answered but littell.

Of hym that sought his wyfe agaynst the streame. lb.

A man, whose wife as she came ouer a byrge, fell into the ryuer, and was drowned: wherfore he went and sought for hyr bpwarde agaynst the streame, whereat his neyghbours, that wente wyth hym, meruayled, and sayd, he did nought, he shoulde go seeke hir downe-ward with the streame. Rave, quoth hee, I am sure I shall neuer fynde hyr that waye: for she was so wayeward and so contrary to euery thyng while she liued, that I knowe very well, now she is dead, she wyl likewise go agaynst the streame.

Wery tales.

Of hym that at a skrimyshe defended hym with his feete. lvi.

A lusty yong gentilman of Fraunce, that on a tyme was at a skymyshe, and defended him selfe valiauntly with his feete, came into the Courte into a chambze amonge ladyes, with a goodly rying vpon his synger: to whome a faire Ladie sayed: Syr, why weare ye that rying vpon your finger. Wherfore aske you madame, quoth he. Because (sayde shee) your feete dyd you better seruyce than your hands at the laste skrimyshe that ye were at.

By this tale yonge men maye learne to beare them well and valiauntlye for dreade of reproche. Better it is wyth woozshyppe to dye, than with shame to lyue: all be it that Demosthenes sayed: He that fleeth awaye, commeth agayne to battayle.

Of hym that woulde geue a songe for hys dyner. lvii.

There came a felowe on a tyme into a tauerne, and called for meate. So whan he had well dyned, the tauerne came

Mery tales.

came to reken, and to haue hys money:
to whome the felowe sayed, he hadde no
moneye, but I wyll (quoth he) content
you with songes. Naye (quoth the Ta-
uerner) I neede no songes, I must haue
money. Why (quoth the felowe) yf I
singe a songe to your pleasure, will not
ye than be content? Yes, (quoth the ta-
uerner.) So he began and song three or
foure balades, & asked if he were plea-
sed? No saied the tauerne. Thā he ope-
ned his pourse, and began to singe thus:

Whā you haue dined make no delay.

But pay your oste, and go your way,
Doth thys songe please you, (quoth he)
Yes mary sayed the tauerne, this plea-
seth me well. Than, as couenaunt was
(quoth the felowe) ye be payed for your
vytable. And so he departed and wente
his waye.

This tale sheweth, that a man maye
be to hastye in makynge of a bargayne:
and therefore a man ought to take good
hede, what he sayth: for one worde may
bynde a man to great inconuenience, yf
the matter be weighty.

Mery Tales.

¶ Of the soule that thought him selfe deed. lxxiii.

¶ There was a felowe dwellynge at Florence, called Signiaca, whiche was nat verye wyle, nor all a foole, but mery and iocunde. A sorte of yonge men for to laughe and pastyme, appointed to gether, to make hym beleue that he was sycke. So whan they were agreed, howe they wolde do, one of them mette hym in the mornynge, as he came out of his house, and bad him goode morowe, and than asked him if he were nat yl at ease? No quod the foole, I ayle nothyng I thanke God. By my faith ye haue a sickely pale colour, quod the other, and wente his waye.

Anone after an other of them mette hym, and asked hym if he had nat an ague, for your face and colour (quod he) sheweth that ye be very sycke. Than the foole beganne a lyttel to doubt, whether he were sycke or no, for he halfe beleued, that they sayd trouth. whan he had gone a lyttel farther, the thyrde man mette hym, and sayde: Jesu manne, what do you out of your bed? ye loke as ye wolde nat

Mery Tales.

lyue an houre to an ende. Nowe he
doubred greatly, and thought verily in
his mynde, that he had hadde some
sharpe ague: wherfore he stode styll
and wolde go no further. And as he
stode the fourth man came, and sayde:
Jesu man, what dost thou here, and
arte so sycke? Gette the home to thy
bedde: for I perceyue thou canste nat
lyue an houre to an ende. Than the
foles harte beganne to feynthe, and
prayde this laste man that came to hym
to helpe hym home: yes quod he, I
wyll do as moche for the, as for myn
owne brother. So home he brought
hym, and layde hym in his bed: and
than he sated with hym selfe, as
thoughe he wolde gyue vp the gooste.
Forth with came the other felowes,
and saide he hadde well done to lay
hym in his bedde. Anone after came
one, whiche toke on hym to be a phisi-
tian: whiche touchynge the pulse, sayde
the malady was so vehement, that he
coude nat lyue an houre. So they
standynge aboute the bedde, sayde one
to an other: Nowe he gothe his waye:
for his speche and syght fayle him: by
and by he wyll yelde vp the gooste.

Mery Tales.

Therefore lette vs close his eyes, and laye his handes a crosse, and cary hym forth to be buryed. And than they sayde lamentynge one to an other: O what a losse haue we of this good fellowe our frende?

The foole laye styll, as one were deade: yea and thought in his mynde, that he was deade in dede. So they layde hym on a bere, and caryed hym through the cite. And whan any body askyd them what they caryed, they sayd the corps of Pigniacca to his graue. And euer as they went people drew about them. Among the prece ther was a tauerners boy, the whiche whan he herde that it was the cors of Pigniacca, he said to them: O what a vile bestly knaue, and what a stronge thefe is deed, by the masse he was well worthy to haue ben hanged longe ago. whan the foole harde those wordes, he put out his heed and sayd: I wys horeson, if I were alpyue now, as I am deed, I wolde proue the a falle lyer to thy face. They that caryed hym began to laugh so hartilpe, that they sette downe the bere, and wente theyr waye.

Myry Tales.

By this tale ye maye se, what the perswasion of many doth. Certaynly he is very wyse, that is nat inclined to foly, if he be stered thereunto by a multitude. yet sapience is founde in fewe persones: and they be lyghtly olde sobre men.

¶ Of the olde man and his sonne that brought his asse to the towne to sylle. lix.

¶ An olde man on a tyme, and a lyttell boye his sonne, droue a litel asse before them, whiche he purposed to sylle at the markette towne, that they went to. And bicause he so dyd, the folkes that wrought by the way syde blamed hym. wherfore he set vp his sonne, and went hym self on fote. Other that sawe that, called hym foole, by cause he lette the yonge boye ryde, and he beyng so aged to goo a foote. Than he toke downe the boye, and lepte vp and rode hym self. whanne he hadde rydden a lyttell waye, he harde other that blamed hym, bycause he made the lyttell yonge boye ronne after as a seruaunte, and he his father to ryde. Than he sette vp the boye behynde hym, and so rode forthe.

Mery tales.

Anone he met with other, that asked hym, if hys asse were his owne: by which wordes he consorted, that he had not well, so to overcharge the lyttell selfe asse, that vnneth was able to beare one. Thus he troubled wth theyr dyuers and manifolde opynions, whiche neth ther with his asse vacant, nor he alone, nor his sonne alone, nor both together rdyng at once on the asse coulde passe forth without detractyon, and blame: wherefore at the laste, hee bounde the asse, sette together, and put throughe a staffe, and so he and his sonne began to beare the asse betweene them on theyr shoulders to the towne. The noveltye of whiche sighte caused euery body to laughe and blame the foolishnesse of them both. The seely olde man was so sore agreed, that as he sat and rested him on a ryuers side, he threw his asse into the water. And so when he had drowned his asse, he tourned home agayne. Thus the good man desirynge so to please euery body, contentynge none at all lost his Asse.

By this tale appeereth plainely, that they, whiche commit them selve to the opinion of the common people, beene
E iii oppress

Mery tales.

oppressed with great miserie and ser-
uage: for how is it possible to please al,
whan euery man hath a diuers opiniō,
and diuersly iudgeth? And that was well
knownen to the poete, what he sayed.

*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria
vulgus.*

¶ And as Cicero, Persius, and Flaccus
saye: As many men, so many mindes: as
many beades, so many wyttys. That,
that pleaseth one, displeaseth an other:
fewe allow that that they laue not: and
that that a man alloweth, hee thynketh
good. Therfore the best is, that euery
man lyue well, as a good Chrysten man
shuld, and care not for vayne woordes
and tanglyng of people. For bablyng
(as Plutarchus sayeth) is a greenouse
disease. and hard to be remedied. For
that that shoulde heale it (whyche is
woordes of wyledome) cureth them that
herkneeth there vnto: but prattlers wyll
here none but theym selues. And the
proverbe sayeth: The lippes of the vn-
wyse wyll be tellyng foolyshe thynges.
But in the wyse mans lippes is founde
sauery talke.

Of hym that sought his asse and
rode on hys backe. l.

There was in the countrey of Flo-
rence an husbandeman, that used to
carry corne to the market upon many lit-
tell asses. On a tyme as he came home
warde, because he was somewhat wea-
ry, to ease hym selfe, he rode on one the
strongest of them. And as he rode dy-
uyng his asses befoze hym, he counted
theim, and forgot the asse that he rode
on: wherefoze he thought still that he
lacked one. Thus soze troubled in his
minde, he bad his wyfe set by his wylle,
and hastily roode agayne backe to the
towne-seuch myles of, to seeke the asse,
that he rode on. He asked every body
that he met, if they saw an asse stray a-
lone. Whan he hearde every body saye,
they saw none suche, makynge great so-
row he retourned home agayne. At last
whan he was alpyghted, his wyfe per-
ceyued and shewed him playnely, that
the asse, that he rode on, was the same
that he sought and made suche sorow
for.

Every sales.

This lest may be well applyed vnto
such as note the fautes, that they light-
ly spy in other, and take none heed, nor
can not see, what vils they haue or bene
spotted with them selfe.

The answere of Fabius to Ainius. lxi.

Anibal, the capitaine of Carthage
conquered Tarent (a towne pertaining
to the Romaines) all saue the Castell,
& lefte a garrison to keepe it: when the
worthy Romayne Fabius had know-
ledge therof, he pryncely conducted an ar-
my thither, and got the towne againe
captured it. Then M. Ainius, that kepte
the castel with a garrison, said, boasting
hym selfe: that Fabius had gotten the
towne through him and his helpe. Pot
say troth (quoth Fabius) for if you had
not lost the towne, I should neuer haue
recovered it againe.

**The answere of Polixis, the kinge of
Ethiopia to the Trojan ambas-
sadors. lxi.**

Plotarche rehearseth, that durynge
the warre of Troie, the Greekes and
also

Mery tales.

also the Troyanes sent ambassadoers to
a kynge of Thrace, called Poltis, which
kynge after he had hearde them, an-
swered the ambassadours, and bad that
Alexander shoulde deliuer them helene,
(for she was the cause of the warre) and
he woulde geue him twoo sayre wyues
for hir.

**The wyse answer of Annibal to kynge
Antiochus, concernyng his
ryche armye. lxiij.**

Kynge Antiochus, preparyng to make
warre to the Romaynes, caused his ar-
mye, bothe horsemen and footemen, to
muster before Annyball, of whose ryche
and sumptuous armour and apparell,
all the fielde glystered and shone. Now
say you (quoth the kynge to Annyball)
is not this army sufficient ynough for
the Romaynes? Yes (quoth Annibal)
and thoughe they were the moste cou-
rous of all the worlde. The kynge ment
one thynge, and Annibal answered an-
other, who was farre more skilfull, and
knewe better the force and puissance
of the Romaynes, than the kynge dyd.

Ed

The

The wordes of Popilius the Ro-
mayn ambassadour to Antio-
chus the kyng. lxxxi.

CC. Popilius was sente by the Sena-
tours of Rome, with letters to Antio-
chus the kyng of Sirie, wherein the
kyng was commanded to call his ar-
mie backe agayne out of Aegypte: and
that he shuld suffer the childe of Sto-
lome and theyr realme in peace. As the
ambassadour came by the kynges tents
and passyons, Antiochus a good way
of saluted hym, but hee dyd not salute
the kyng agayne, but deliuered to hym
his lettees. Whan the kyng had red
the letters, he sayde, that he would take
counsaille, before he made hym an an-
swere. Popilius, with a rodde that hee
had in his hande, made a compas about
the kyng, and sayde: Euen here stand-
dyng take counsaille, and make me an
answere. Euery man had meruayle at
the grauitie and stout stomacke of the
man. And whan Antiochus was con-
tent to do as the Romayns would haue
hym: than Popilius bothe saluted and
embraced hym.

Mery tales.

Of hym that loued the mar-
chauntes wyfe. lxx:

A yonge lustye gentylman that was
ryght amorous, and loued a marchan-
tes wyfe oute of all measure, folowed
hyr to the churche and other places, but
he durst neuer speake. At the laste he
with two or thre of his felowes folo-
wed hir to a friers: where he had tyme
and place conuenient to speake thre or
foure wordes to hir, that he befoze had
denysed. So one of hys felowes sayde,
goe now speake to hir. But hee stood
tyll all astonyed. They egged and
prouoked hym so muche, that at last he
went vnto hir, and cleane forgettynge
those wordes, that hee had thoughte
to haue spoken, sayde to hyr on thys
wyse: wasshesse, I am your owne li-
tell seruaunt. Whereat she smyled, and
sayed: Sir, I neede not your seruyce:
for I haue seruauntas enow at home,
that can brushe, sponge, washe, and
doe all my othe businesse. The whiche
answer, and foolyshe basement of
the gentylman, caused his felowes too
laugh heartely. This maner of soole
was

Mery tales.

was well knowen to the poete, whan he sayde.

Incipit effari, media quam in voce resistit.

Foolishe loue maketh folkes astonied.
And eke to raue without remembzance
When they shulde speke they be abashed
& of their words can make none bitrace
nor be so hardy them to aduance.
What time they see of hir the swete face
to whose lone their herts doth embrace.

Of the woman that couered hir head
and shewed hir sayle. lxxvi.

A woman, that for a certayne dys-
ease had shaven hir heade, satte in hyr
house bare heade, one of hir neighbours
called hir forth hastily into the strete,
and for haste shee forgotte to put on hir
kerchiefe. Whan hir neyghbour sawe
hir so, shee blamed hir for commyng a-
bzoade barehead: wherfore she whipte
hyr clothes ouer hir head. And so
to couer hir heade she shewed hir ars.
They that stonde by, began to laugh at
hir foolisshenesse, whiche to hyde a little
saute shewed a greater.

This tale toucheth them, that woulde
couer a smalle offence with a greater
wickednesse, and as the prouerbe saith:
Stom.

Myry tales.

Stomble at a strawe, and leape over a
blocke.

Howe Alexander was mo-
nyshed to slea the first that
he met . . . hviij.

Whan great Alexander woulde en-
ter into Persse lande wpyth his armye,
he counsayled with Apollo of his good
speede: and by lotte hee was warned,
that he shoulde commaunde to slea the
first that he mette, whan he issued oute
at a gate. Verchaunce the firste that he
encountred, was a manne dysuyng an
asse befoze hym. Incontinent the kynge
commaunded to take and put hym too
death. Whan the pooze manne sawe,
that they woulde slea him, he sayd: what
haue I doone? Shall I, that am an in-
nocent, bee putte to death? Alexander
to excuse his deed, sayd: He was war-
ned by dysuyne monicyon, to commaund
to slea the first that he mette commyng
oute at that gate. If it bee so, mightie
kyng (quoth the manne) than the lotte
dysuyne hath ordeynedd an other to suf-
fer this death, and not me: for the lye
tele asse: that I doone befoze me, mette
you first.

Whiche

Mery tales.

Whiche subtyl sayng greathye pleased Alexander: for elles he hadde done anythe, and so he caused the beast to be slayne.

By this tale one maye note, that it is better sometyme to be last than fyrst.

Howe the cite of Lamisac was saved from destructyon. lxxviii.

As great Alexander was fullye purposed to haue utterly destroyed a greates cite called Lamisac, he sawe hys mayster Anaximenes come towarde hym wythoute the walles: and because the kynge perceyved manifestlye that he came to intreate hym for the cite, he swore a great othe that he woulde not dooe, that that he came to desyre hym for. Than Anaximenes sayde. Syr, I desyre your grace that this same cite Lamisac may be utterly destroyed. Through whiche sage and subtyll sayng the noble auncient cite was saved from ruyne and destructyon.

How demosthenes defended a mayd. lxxix

There were twoo men on a tym, the whyche

Aperry tales.

Whiche left a greate summe of money
in keepyng with a mayden, on this con-
dyccion, that she shoulde not delpyer it
agayne, excepte they came bothe toge-
ther for it. Not longe after one of theim
came to her mournynge arayed, and
sayd that hys felowe was deade, and so
requyred the money, and she delpynered
it to hym. Shortly after came the o-
ther manne, and requyred to haue the
money that was leste wyth her in kee-
pyng. The maiden was than so sorow-
full, bothe for lacke of the moneye, and
for one to defende her cause, that shee
thoughte to hange her selfe. But De-
mosthenes (that excellent oratore)
spake for her, and sayde. Syr, this mai-
den is redy to quyte her fidelitie, and to
delpyer agayne the money that was
leste wyth her in keepyng, so that thou
wylte bypnyng thy felowe with the to re-
ceyue it. But that he coulde not do.

Of hym that despyred to be made
a gentleman. lxx.

A rude clabbythe felowe that longe
had serued the duke of Orlance, came
on a tyme to the duke, and despyred to be
made

Myr tales:

made a gentilman. To whom the duke
answered: In good feyth I make wel
make thee riche, but as for gentilman
I can neuer make thee.

By whiche wordes appeareth, that
goodes and richesse do not make a gen-
tilman, but noble and vertuous quali-
tees and condicynons.

**Of the gentilman, and hys
shewe wyfe. lxxi.**

There was a gentilman, whose cur-
sed chydynge wyfe went every day, and
complayned on him to a religious mā,
the whiche religious manne toke vpon
him, by waye of confession, to reconcile
and accorde them together: and the gen-
tilman was very well content, that he
so shoulde, and came to hym therefoze.
When the Gentilman was come, the
religious man bad him shew his offen-
ces and trespasses. So (quoth the gen-
tilman) that needeth not: For I know
very well, my wyfe hath shewed vnto
you all the offences that euer I did, and
muche moze.

Merp tales.

Of the two yonge men that rode
to Sturbzpydge sayre. lxxi.

¶ One John Roynoldes rode oute of
London vpon a tyme towarde Stur-
bzpydge sayre, in conipanye of a younge
man of the same Cpye, that hadde not
muche beene accustomed to ryde. So
they came too an Inne where as great
companye was lodged. And in the mo-
nyng whan euery man made hym rea-
dy to ryde, and some were on horse-
backe leitinge forwarde, John Royn-
oldes founde his compaignion sitting
in a browne studye at the Inne gate, to
whom he sayde. For shame man howe
syttest thou? why doest thou not make
thee redy to horsebacke, that we might
sette forwarde with companye? I carpe
(quoth he) for a good cause. For what
cause quoth Roynoldes? Marpe (quoth
he) here be soo manye horses, that I can
not tell whiche is myne owne amonge
the other? And I knowe well, whan e-
uery man is ryden and gone, the horse
that remayneth behynde muste needes
be myne.

Mery tales:

E Of the yonge man of Bruges, and hys spouse. lxxiii.

E A yonge man of Bruges, that was betrouthed to a fayre mayde, came on a tyme, whan hyr mother was out of the way, and had to doe with hyr. Whan hir mother was come in, anone she persecuted by hyr daughters there, what she had doone, wherfore she was so sore displeased, that she sued a diuorſe, & wold in no wyſe ſuffre that y the yonge man ſhoulde mary hyr daughter.

Not longe after the ſame yonge man was maryed to an other mayden of the ſame paryiſſhe. And as he had hys wyfe ſatte talkyng on a tyme of the ſoreſayde dammoſell, to whom he was betrouthed, he fell in a nice laughyng. wherat laugh ye, quoth his wyfe? It chaunced on a tyme (quoth he) that ſhe and I dyd ſuche a thyng together, and ſhe tolde it to hyr mother. Therin quoth his wyfe) ſhe played the ſoole: A ſeruaunt of my fathers played that game with we an hundreth tymes, and yet I neuer tolde my mother. Whan he hearde hyr ſaye ſo, he left hys nice laughyng.

Merry tales.

E Of hym that maee as he had
ben a chaste lyuer. lxxiij.

A felowe, that toke vpon hym, as he
had been the most chaste and best dyspos
sed man lyuyng, was by one of hys fe
lowes on a tyme take in aduoutry: and
sharply rebuked for it, because he pra
ised so muche of chastite, and yet was ta
ken in the same faute. To whom he
answered agayne: O soole, doest thou
thinke that I dyd it for bodily pleasure?
No no: I did it but onely to subdow my
fielthe, and to purge my reynes.

Wherby ye maye perceyue, that of
all other dissemblynge hypocrytes are
the worst.

E Of hym that the olde roode
fell on. lxxv.

As a man kneeled praisyng before an
olde roode, the roode fell downe on hym
and brake his head: wherfore he would
come no more in the churche halfe a
pere after. At length, by the prouoca
tion of his neyghbours, he came to the
churche agayne. And because he sawe
his neyghbours kneele before the same

Mery tales:

roode, hee kneeled downe. lyke wyse
and sayde thus: well I maye cappe and
kneele too thes, but thou shalte neuer
haue my hearte agayne as longe as I
lyue.

By which tale appereth, that by gen-
tyll and curteysle entreatyng, mē's min-
des been obtained. For though the peo-
ple cappe and kneele to one in high au-
thoritee, yet littell wotteth hee what
they thynke.

Of the wydow that woulde
not wedde for bodily ple-
sure. lxxvii.

A riche wydowe desired a gossep of
hirs, that she wold gette hir a husband:
not for the nyce playe (quoth she) But to
thentent he maie keepe my goodes toge-
ther, which is an harde thynge for me to
doe, beyng alone woman. Byr gossep,
whiche vnderstode hir conceite, promys-
sed hir so to doe. And about thre or foure
daies after she came to hir agayne, and
sayde: Gossep, I haue found an hushāde
for you, that is a prydete, a ware, and a
wooz!dly wyse man, but he lacketh his
pryuey members: wherof ye sorce not.
Go

Merie tales.

Goe to the deuyll with that husbände
(quoth the wydowe) for though that I
desire not the nyce play: yet I wyl that
my husbände shall haue that, where-
with we maie be rrconciled, if we fal at
variance.

Of the couetous ambassadour, that
would here no musike. lxxviii

Whan a couetous man was come
bnto a certayne citee, whether he was
sent as ambassadoure for his countrey,
anon the mynstrels of the citee came to
him, to fill his eares with swete dinne,
to the intente he should fil theyr purses
with his money. But hee perceyvinge
that, had one of his sernantes goe and
tell theim, that hee coulde not than in-
tend to here theyr musike, but he must
demeane great sorowe, for his mother
was deade. So the minstrels, dysa-
poynted of theyr purpose, all saddyly
wente theyr waye. And whan a wor-
shipfull man of the citee, that was his
freende, hearde tell of his mournynge,
he came to visitt and comforte hym. And
so in talkyng together he asked, howe
longe agoe it was, that hys mother de-
ceased

Many tales.

ceased: Truly (quoth he) it is forty yere
agoe. Than his frende, vnderstandyng
his subtilty, began to laugh hertely.

This tale is applyed to the couetous
men, which by all craue & meanes stu-
dye to kepe and encrease theyr money &
substance. Against which vice, many
things bene wrytten. As farre (sayeth
one) is that from a couetous man, that
he hath, as that he hath not. And Dioge-
nes calleth couetousnesse the head of al
euilles. And saynct Hieronime calleth
couetousnesse the head of al euilles. And
for an example the tale folowinge shall
be of couetousnesse,

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**Howe Denyse the tyran serued a
couetous man. lxxix.**

It was shewed to Denyse the tyran,
that a couetous man of the cite had hid
a great summe of money in the ground
and lyued moste wretchedly, wherfore
he sent for the man, and comanded him
to go dyg vp the money, and so to deli-
uer it vnto him. The man obeyed, and
deliuered vnto the tyran all the golde,
and treasoure that he had saue a small
sum, that he pryncely kept asyde: where-
with

Mery tales.

wyth he wente into an other cite, and
forsoke Syracus, and there boughte a
lyttell lande, wherbyon he liued. Whā
the tyrā vnderstode that he had so done
he sente for hym agayne. And whan
he was come the tyrā sayde too hym:
Synth thou hast learned now to vse wel
thy goodes, and not to kepe thē vnpro-
fytably, I wyll restore them al to the a-
gayne, so he dyd.

**Of the olde man that cungered the boy
out of the appletree with stones .xxx.**

As an olde manne walked on a tyme
in his ozharde, he looked vp, and sawe
a boye, sytte in a tree stealyng his ap-
ples: whome he intreated with sayre
woordes to come downe, and let his ap-
ples alone. And whan the olde manne
sawe that the boye cared not for hym,
because of his age, and set noughte by
his woordes, he sayde: I haue hearde
saye, that not onely in woordes, but
also in herbes shoulde be greate vertue,
wherfore he plucked vp herbes and be-
ganne to throwe theim at the boye,
wherāt the boye safte and laughed,

¶ IIII

here-

Merp Tales.

herfily, and thought that the olde man had ben mad, to thinke to driue him out of the ire with casting of herbes. Than the olde man said: well, feing that nother wordes nor herbes haue no vertue agaynst the stealer of my goodes: I wil proue what stones wyll doze, in which I haue hearde men faye, is greate vertue: and fo hee gathered bys lappe full of stones, and threwe them at the bove, and compelled him to come downe, and renne awaye.

This tale sheweth, that they that ben wyse. proue many wates, befoze they arme theim.

Of the ryche man that wold not
hau a glyster. lxxxi.

A ryche man on a tyme fell sycke: too the whole curynge came many phisicions (for fives by heapes flet to honye.) Amonge theim all there was one, that fayed: that he muste needes take a glyster, yf hee woulde bee hole. When the sicke man, that was not enured wyth that medycine, hearde hym faye so, hee fayed in a greate furpe: Wote a doozes wyth those phisicions, they be madde:

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Every tales.

For where as my payne is in my heade
they would heale me in mine arse.

This tale sheweth, that holsome thinges,
to them that lacke knowlage and
experience, seeme hurfull.

Of him that feigned him selfe dead to
proue what his wyfe would doe. lxxxix.

A yonge maryed man to proue, too
heare, and to see, what his wyfe wolde
doe, if he were deade, came into hys
house, whyle she was forth waschyng
of clothes, and laied him downe in the
flooze, as he had been deade. When hys
wyfe came in. and sawe hym lye so, she
thought hee had beene deade in dede:
wherefore she stode euen styll: and deuis-
ed with her selfe, whether was better
to bewaile his death forthwith, or els to
dye fyrst: for she had eat no meat of al
the day. All thynges considered, she de-
termined to dye firste. Shee cut a co-
lop of baken, and broyled it on the co-
les, and began to eate thron a pace, she
was so hungry, that shee toke no heede
to drynke. At laste the saltnesse of the
meat made hyr to thirst so soze, the shee
musste nedes drynke. So as she toke the

My tales.

potte in hir hand, and was going downe
into hir seller to drawe drinke. sodayne-
ly came one of hir neighbours for a cole
of fire, wherfore she stepped backe quick-
ly, and though she was ryght thirste,
yet shee set the potte asyde, and as hyr
husbande had then fallen downe deade,
she began to weepe, and with many la-
mentable wordes, to bewaile his death
whiche weping and waylinge, and so-
daine death of hir husbande, caused all
the neighbours to come thither. The
man lay still in the floore, and so helde
his breathe, and closed his eyes, that he
semed for certaine to be deade. At laste
whan he thought he had made pastime
ynough, and hearing his wyfe say thus
Glas deere husbande what shall I doe
nowe? He looked vp and sayde: Full pl.
my sweete wyfe, excepte ye go quickly
and drinke. Wherewith they all from
wepyng turned to laughynge, specially
whan they vnderstood the matter and
the cause of hir thyrste.

Wherby ye may see that not wyth-
out a good skyll, the Poete sayde,

Vt sciant, oculos erudiere suos.

Every tales.

Of the pooze man, into whose house
theues brake by nyght. lxxxi

A pooze man, vnto theues, that brake
into his house on a nyght, sayde on this
wyle. Syr: by my fasyche I meruaile,
that ye thynke to finde any thyng here
by nyght, for I can fynde nothyng,
whan it is brode day.

By this tale appereth playnly.

That pouertee is a welthy mysey.

Of hym that should haue ben hanged
for his scoffyng. lxxxi.

A merie felow in hygh Almayne had
so with his scoffyng and tellyng displea-
sed a greate lord, that he threated to
hang hym, yf euer he coulde take hym
in his countrey. Not longe after thys
lordes seruantes toke him, and hanged
he shoulde be. Whan he sawe there was
no remedy, but that he shoulde dye, he
sayde: wy lord, I muste needes suffer
death, whiche I knowe, I haue well
deserued: Vnt yet I beseeke yon, graunt
me one petycon for my soule health.

The lord, at the instance of the peo-
ple

Merry tales.

ple that stode aboute, so it not concerne his ipse, was content to graunt it hym. Than the felow sayd: I desier you my lord, that after I am haged, to come thre moynynge freshe and fastynge, & kysse me on the bare ars.

Wherunto the lord answered: The de- uill kysse thine ars. And so let him goe.

Of him that had his goose stole. lxxxv.

A man that had a goose stole fro hym, wente and complayned to the curatte, & desired hym to doe so muche as helpe, that he had his goose agayne. The curate sayde he woulde. So on the sonday the curate, as though he woulde curse, went by into the pulpet, and bad euery body sit dawne: So whan they were set, he sayd, Why sit ye not dawne: we bee set all redy, quoth they. Nay, quoth the curat, he that did steale the goose sitteth not. Yes that I doe, quoth he. Sayest thou that, quoth the curate: I charge thee on payne of cursyng to bynge the goose agayne.

Of

Mery tales.

Of the begger that sayd he was
kynne to kyng Philip of
Macedonie. lxxxvi

There came a begger to king Philip
of Macedonie, and prayed the kynge to
geue hym some what; & farther he sayde
he was his kinselman. And whan the
kyng asked him which way, he answered
and sayde, howe they came both of
Adam and Eue. Than the kynge com-
maunded to geue him an almes. Whan
the begger saw it was but a smale piece
of money, he sayde, that was not a seem-
ly gift for a kyng. The kyng answered:
If I should geue every man so muche,
that is my kynseman lyke as thou art:
I should leaue nothyng for my selfe.

Of Dantes answers to the
letter. lxxxvii

Dantes the poete dwelled a whyle
with Can the prince de la Scale: with
whome also dwelled an other floren-
tine, that had neyther learnyng nor
prudence, and was a man meete for no-
thyng, but to scoffe and jeste: but yet
with his mery toyes, hee so moued the
sayd

Very tales.

sayde Can, that he dyd greatly enryche hym. And because Dantes dyspyled his foolishnesse, thys scoffer sayde to hym How commeth it Dātes, that thou art holde so wyse and so well learned, and yet art pooze and nedye? I am an vnlearned man, and am an ignorant foole, and yet I am farre richer than thou art. To whom Dātes answered, If I may find a lord lyke and conformable to my manners, as thou haste founde to thynne: hee wyll lyke wyse make me ryche.

Of hym that had soze eyes. lxxxviii.

One that had soze eyes, was warned of a phisicion, that hee shoulde in any wyse forbeare drynkynge, or els lose his eyes: To whom hee sayde: It is more pleasure for me, to lose mine eyes with drynkynge, thā to kepe them for woymes to eate them out.

By this tale ye may perceyue, that it auayleth not, too counsaile some for theyr owne profite. The foole thynketh his owne waye best; but the wyse man will be counsayled

Of

Very tales.

Of the olde woman that had
soze eyes. lxxxix.

An olde woman bargayned with a
surgeon to heale hir soze eyes: and whan
that hir eyes were healed, and that shee
saw better, than he should be paid his
money, and not befoze. So hee layed a
medicine to hir eyes, whiche hee badde
shoulde not be taken awaye the space of
fue dayes. In whiche tyme she myght
not loke vp. Every daie whan he came
to dresse her, he bare awaye somewhat
of hir householde stuffe, itable clothes,
candelstickes, and dyshes: He lefte no-
thyng, that he could cary awaye cleane.
So whan hir eyes wer whole, she looked
vp, and sawe that hir householde stuffe
was carped awaye, she sayed to the sur-
gian, that came and requyred hys mo-
ney for his labour: Syr, my promyse
was to paye you, whan ye made me see
better than I dyd befoze. That is trothe,
quoth he. wary (quoth she) but I see
worse nowe than I dyd. For befoze ye
layed medicines to myne eyes, I sawe
muche fayre householde stuffe in myne
house, and nowe I see nothyng at all.

Of

Every tales.

Of hym that had the custodie
of a warde. xci.

A certayne manne that hadde the custodie of a warde and hys goodes, and in shorte space hadde spent all awaie, was by the Gouvernoure of the Citie, commaunded to bring in his bookes of introitus et exitus, that is too save, of entraunce and laying oute: and to geue accompte of the Orphanes goodes.

So whan hee came, hee shewedde fyrste his mouthe, and sayde. Heare it wente in: and after hee shewed byppe hys arse, and sayd: Here it wente oute and other bookes of Introitus et exitus I haue none.

Of the excellent peynter, that
had soule chyldren. xcii.

There was a peynter, an excellent cunnynge manne: and because hee had soule chyldren, one sayde to hym: By my feythe I meruayle, that you peynte so goodly, and gette so soule chyldren: pea, quoth the peynter, I make my chyldren in the darke, and I peinte those
fy

Mery tales.
figures by day lyght.

**Of the scoffer that made a man
a south sayer xcii.**

A mery scoffyng felowe on a tyme
toke on hym to teache a man to bee a
south sayer: whan they were agreed,
what he shoulde haue for hys labour:
the scoffer sayde to the man, holde, eate
this route pellet, and I warante, thou
shalt be a south sayer. The man toke
and put it in hys mouth, and began to
champe thereon, but it sauoured so yll,
that he spyt it out forthwyth, and sayed:
Why, this pellet that thou gennest me to
eate, sauereth al of a turde. Thou sayest
trouth (quod the scoffer) Now thou art
a south sayer, and thertore pay me my
money.

**Of the marchant of florence
called Charles. xciii.**

A marchaunt of florence, called
Charles, came fro Buynon to Rome:
And as he sate at supper with a great
company one asked hym how the Flo-
rentines at Buignon fared: he sate thye
B where

Mery tales:

were mery and glad. For thes that dwel there a yere (quod he) be as men that were frantlike & out of their myndes. Whan an other that sate at supper with them, asked this Charles, howe long he had dwelled there. He answered, six monethes. Charles (quod he that asked him the question) thou hast a great wyt: for it, that other be about twelue monthes, thou hast atchcued in halfe a yere.

¶ Of the Cheshyre man called Eulyn, xciii.

There dwelled a man in Cheshyre called Eulyn, whyche vsed too goe too the towne many tymes, and there hee woulde sytte dzyngyng tyll twelue of the clocke at nyght, and than go home. So vppon a tyme hee carped a lytell boye hys sonne on his shoulde wyth hym, and whan the chylde fell a slepe about nyne of the clocke, the ale wyfe broght hym to bed with her chylde. At midnyght Eulyn went home, and thought no more on his chylde. Aftone as he came home, hys wyfe asked for hir chylde. Whan she spake of the chylde he loked on his shoulde, and seynge he
was

Merp tales.

was not there, he sayde, he wylle not where he was. Out vpon the hoozfoth (quod she) then haste lette my chyldre fall into the water (for hee passed ouer the water of Dee at a bydye,) Thou speest hooze (quod he) for yf he had fallen in to the water, I shulde haue hearde him plumb.

Of hym that desired to be set
vpon the pilloze. xcv.

Three lotterynge felowes, that sell in companye, went so longe together, yll all theyr money was spent. Than sayd one of theim: what shall wee doe now? By my faith (quod an other) yf I myght come where pzeace of people is, I could gette money enough for vs. And I (quod the thyrde) can assemble people together lyghtly. So whan they came into a lyttell towne, where a newe pilloze was set vp, he that said he coulde lyghtly assemble people together, went to the bayly, which was a boucher, and desyred hym, that hee wolde geue hym leaue to haue the maddenhead of the pilloze. Whiche request at the fyrste abashed the bayly: for hee

Mery tales.

Wyl not what he ment thereby: toher-
faze he toke counsaile of his neyghboys
what was best to dooe, and they bade
hym set vp the knaue, and spare not..
So whan he was on the pillozpe, he loo-
ked about, and sawe his two felowes
busy in the holes of the bouchers a-
prons, where they vsed to putte theyz
money: than he sayde. There now go to
a pace. The people gaped vp styll, and
laughed. And whan he saw that hys fe-
lowes had sped their maters, and were
going away, he said to the people: Now
turne the pillozpe once about, and than
It wyl come downe: So thei laughing
hertily did. Whan the felow was come
downe from the pillozpe, the bawly sayde
to hym: Nowe by my seyth thou arte a
good felow, and because thou hast made
vs so good sport, holde, I wyl geue the
a grote to drynke: and so put his hande
in the hole of his apron, but there hee
foude neuer a peny: Coker armes (quod
the bawly) my purse is picked, and my
money is gone. Syz (quod the felow) I
trust you will beare me recorde, that I
haue it not. No by the masse (quod he)
thou were on the pillozpe the whyle. Tha
no force, quod the felow, and wet his way.

Myry tales.

Of the wydowes doughter that was
sent to the abbot with a couple
of Capones. lxxvi.

A wydow that was an abbottes te-
naunte, sente to him on a tyme a couple
of fatte capons by hir doughter, whan
the mayde came wyth her presente, she
founde the abbot syttinge at dyner, to
whome she saide: wiche good duttie the
my lord. Ha, welcome mayde (quod he)
wy lord (quoth shee) my mother hath
sente the here a couple of fatte capons.
God a mercy mayde (quoth he) And soo
made her to be seette down at his owne
table. Amonge other meates, the abbot
hadde than a grene goose wyth sozell
sauce, whereof he dyd eate. So one that
sate at the table, gaue the rompe of the
goose to the mayde. She toke the rompe
in her hand, and because shee sawe the
abor and other, wete their meate in the
sozell sauce, she saide wy lord, I praye
thee geue me leaue to wete myne arse
in thy grene sauce.

Merry tales.

Of the two men, that dranke a pinte
of white wyne together. xcviij.

Two homely men of the countrey
came into a tauerne to drynke a pyn-
te of wyne. So they sat styll, and wyft not
what wyne to call for. At last, heeryng
euerie man call for white wyne as clere
as water of the rocke, They bad the
drauer bring them a pinte of the same.
The drauer, seying and perceyving by
their wordes, that they were but blonke
felowes, brought them a pyn-
te of clere
water. The one of them filled the cup,
and dranke to his felowe & said: Hold
neighbour, by masse, chad as lefe drinke
water, saue for the name of wyne.

Of the doctour that went
with the fouler to catche
birdes. xcviij.

There was a docter, whiche despyred
a fouler, that wente to catche byrdes
wyth an owle, too goe with hym: The
birder was content, and dressed hym
wyth holwes, and set him by his owle
and bad hym saye nothyng. When hee
saw the byrdes alyght a pace, he sayde:
There

Every tales.

There be many byrdes alyghted, drawe
thye nettes: where wyth the byrdes
flewe awaye. The byrder was very
angrye, and blamed hym greatly for
his speakynge. Than hee promysed
to holde hys peace, when the byrder
was in agayne, and many byrdes were
a lyghted, master doctour sayd in latyn
Aues permulta adiunt, wherewith the
the byrdes flewe awaye. The byrder
came oute ryght angry, and soze dys-
pleased and sayde, by hys bablyng, he
had twyse losse hys praye. Why thyn-
kest thou foole (quod the doctour) that
the byrdes do vnderstande latyn? Thys
doctour thoughte that the vnderstan-
dyng and not the mowse, hadde feared a-
waye the byrdes.

Of hym that undertoke to teache an
asse to reade. xcij.

A certayne tyran, to pyle one of his
subiectes of his goodes, commaunded
hym to teache an asse to spell and reade.
He sayde it was impossible, excepte he
myght haue space ynough thereto.

The tyran bad hym aske what tyme
he woulde, he despyred tenne yeres res-

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viite.

Mery tales.

pite. Yet because he undertoke a thyngge impossible, euery body laughed hym to scozne. He turned towarde his frendes and sayde: I am nothyng affrayd: for in that space, eyther I, the asse, or els me lozee maye die.

By whiche tale appereth, that it is good to take leysure enough, about a thyng that is harde to dooe, specyally whan a man can not chose to take it in hande.

Of the frier that confessed the woman. C.

As a layze yonge woman confessed hyr to a freyre, he be gan so to burne in concupiscence of the fleshe, that he entyce hir to consent to his wyll. They agreed, that she shoulde seigne hir selfe sicke, and sende for hym to shryue hyr.

Within thre daies after so she dyd, and sent for the same frier to shryue hyr.

Whan the frier was come, and euery body boyded out of the chamber, hee went to bed to the woman, and there laye alonge space with hir. Hyr husband suspectyng so longe a confession, came intoo the chamber: whose sodayn

Wery tales.

dayne commyng, so soze abashed the
frier, that he wet his way, and left his
bzeche behynd hym lyng on the bedda.
Whan hir hussbandi saw the bzeche, he
sayd a loude. This was not a frier, butte
an aduonterer: And soz great abomis-
nacion of the deede, he called all hys
househoulde to se it. And soo:thwith he
went and complayned to the warden of
that couent: and thzeatned to flea hym
that had done the deede. The wardeyn
to appease his anger, sayde: that suche
publisshyng wss to the shame of hym
and his househoulde. The man sayd: the
bzeche was so openly founde, that hee
coulde not hide it: The warden, to re-
medy the matter: sayd, it was saynct
Fraunces bzeche, an holy relycke. that
his bzother carped thither for the wo-
mans health, and that he and hys co-
uent woulde come and setche it home
with proceffion. With those woozdes
the man was content. Then the war-
den and his friers, with the crosse be-
foze them, and arayed in copes, went to
the house, and toke up the bzeche, and
two of them on a clothe of filke: bare it
solemnely on hygh betwene their han-
des: and euery body that met the, kne-
led

Mery tales.

led downe and kyssed it. So with great ceremonye and longe, they broughte it home to theyr couente. But afterwarde the trowth was knowen, and trouble and punyshmente folowed thereon.

Howe a chaplen of Louen decelued an vsurer. Ci.

IN the towne of Louen was a chaplayne called Antonye, of whose mery conceytes is muche talkyng. As hee met on a day one or two of his acquayntaunce, he desyred hym home with hym to dyner, but meate hadde he none, nor moneye. There was no remedye, but to make a thyft. For the he goeth, and into an vsurers kytchynge, wyth whom he was familiare; and priuelye vnder his gowne, he caryed out the pottle with meate, that was sodde for the vsurers dyner. Whan hee came home hee putte out the meate, and made the pottle to be scoured bryghte, and sente a boye with the same pottle to the vsurer, to borrowe two grotes thereon: and bade the boye take a byll of his hand, that suche a brasse pot he deliuered him. The boye did as he was byd: and with the moneye that

Every tales.

that he had, he bought wyne for theyr
dynner. Whan the blarer shoulde goe to
dynner, the pottle and mirate was gone,
wherefore he all to chid his mayde. She
sayde, there came no bodye of all the
dape but sir Antony. They asked hym:
and he sayde, he had none. At length
they sayde in earnest, he & no man els
had the pottle. By my fayth (quoth he)
I borrowed suche a pottle vpon a tyme,
but I sent it home agayne: and so called
witnesse to them, and sayde: Lo, howe
perrilous it is to deale with men nowe
a daves without wytyng: They wolde
late theste to my charge, and if I had no
wytyng of the vsurers hand. And so hee
shewd out the wytyng. And whan
they vnderstoode the disceste, there was
good laughynge.

Of the same chaplen and one that spyped hym. Cii

The same Antonie dyned on a tyme
with a sorte of mery sclowes. Amonge
whome there was one that greatly spi-
ted hym in his scoffes and mery testes.
And as they sate laughynge and spor-
tynge, they asked, whiche was the
moste

Merj tales.

moſte reuernte parte of mannes body
one ſayd the eye, an other the noſe, but
Antonye, becauſe he knewe his enuyer
woulde nome the cleue contraye, ſayd
the mouth was the moſt reuerent part.
Ray (quoth his enuyer) the parte that
we lytte on, is the moſt reuerent. And
becauſe they mannypled why, he made
thys reaſon, that he was moſte honour-
able amonge the common people, that
was fyrſte ſet. And the parte that hee
named was fyrſte ſette. Whiche ſaying
contented theym, and they laughed me-
rely. He was not a lyttell proude of his
ſayinge, and that he had overcome An-
tony. This paſt ſozth ſoure or fyue daies
after, they were both byd to diner in
an other place. Whan Antony came in
he founde his enuyer that ſate talkyng
wyth other, whyle the dyner was ma-
kyng ready. Antony turned his backe
to hym, and lette a great ſarte againſte
hys face. His ennyer greatlye dyſdeig-
nyng, ſayd: walke knaue with a miſa-
cheſe, where haſte thou bene nourtered?
why, and diſdeigneſt thou? quoth An-
tony: I hadde ſaluted thee with my
month, thou wouldeſt haue ſaluted
me agayne, and now, whan I grette
thee

Mery tales.

thee with that parte of my bodye, that
(by thyne owne sayinge) is mooste hono-
rable, thou callest me knave.

Thus he got agayne hys prayse, that
he had losse befoze.

**Of the olde man that put hym selfe in
his sonnes handes. C. lii.**

There was a certayne old man whi-
che let his sonne to mary, and to byng
hys wyfe and his chyldren, to dwell
within hym, and to take all the house
into hys owne hande and guydyng. So
a certayne tyme the olde man was set
and kepte the vpper ende of the table:
afterwarde they sette hym lower, a-
bout the myddes of the table: thyrde-
lye they sette hym at the nether ende of the
table: fourthly he was set amonge the
seruantes: fyfthlye they made hym a
couche behynde the hall doore, and caste
on hym an olde sackcloth. Not long af-
ter whan the olde man was deade, the
younge mans sonne came to him, & said:
Father, I praye you gyue me this olde
sackclothe that was wonte so reuer
my grandfather. What wouldest thou
doe wyth it, sayde his father? For
soothe

Merry tales.

sooth (sayde the childe) it shall serue to
couer you, whan ye be olde, lyke as it
did my grandfather. At whiche wordes
of the childe this man ought too haue
bene a shamed and sorpe. For it is wri-
ten, Sonne reuerence and helpe thy fa-
ther in his olde age, and make hym not
thoughtfull and heauy in his life, and
though he dote, forgue it him. He that
honoureth his father, shall liue the lon-
ger, & shal reioyce in his owne chylzen.

**Of hym that had a flye painted
in his shielde. Ciii.**

A yong man that went on warfare,
caused a flye to be paynted in his shielde
den of the verpe greatnesse of a flye,
wherefoze some laughed at hym, and
sayde: ye do well, because ye wyll notte
be knowen. Yes (quoth hee) I dooe it
because I wyll be knowen and spoken
of. For I wyll approche so neere oure
ennemies, that they shall well decerne
what armes I beare.

Thus, it that was layde too him for a
blame of feare and cowardpse, was by
his sharpe wytte, turned to a shewe of
force and manlynes.

And

Very tales.

And the noble and valyaunte Archy-
damos sayde, shotte of Crossebowes,
spriges, and suche lyke engins of war,
are no prooffe of manhode, but whan
they come and fyghte hande too hande,
appereth who be men and who be not.

Of the Emperour Augustus and the olde men. Cb.

As the noble Emperour Augustus,
on a tyme came into a bayne, he beheld
an old man, that had done good seruice
in the warres, rubbe him selfe agaynst
a marble Piller for lacke of one to helpe
to washe him. The Emperour moued
with pittie, gaue an Annuittee to fynde
hym and a seruant to waite vpon him.
Whan this was knowen, a great sorte
of olde men drezwe them together, and
stoode where as the Emperour shoulde
passe forth by, every one of them rub-
bynge his owne backe wpth a marble
stone. The emperour demaunded why
they dyd so? Because, noble Emperour
(sayde they) we be not able to kepe ser-
uauntes to doe it. Why (quoth the Em-
perour) one of you may claw and rubbe
an others backe well enough,

Pho

Mery tales.

Chorions oracion to the
Atheniens. Cbi.

Chorion on a dape treatyng a longe
oracion to the people of Athenes, plea-
sed them very well. And whan he sawe
that they altogether allowed his wor-
des, he turned to his frendes and sayde
Haue I vnwarely spoken any hurte?
So much he perswaded hym selfe, that
nothyng coulde please theim that was
well and truely spoken.

Of Demosthenes and Chorion. Cbi.

C Demosthenes sayde to Chorion: If
the Atheniens fall once in a madnesse,
they wyll slea the. To whom he answe-
red: yea surely, if they ware mad, they
wyll slea me, but and they ware once
wyle, they wyll slea thee. For Demost-
henes spake muche to the peoples plea-
sure, and spake thinges rather desirable
than holosome.

How Chorion refused Alex-
anders gifte. Cbi.

What tyme Alexander kyng of was
88

Chery tales.

cedonie sent an hundred besaunter of golde, for a gyfte to Thoclon: hee asked them that brought the money, for what cause Alexander sent it to hym alone, seying there were many other men in Athenes beside hym. They aunswered, because he iudgeth you alone to bee an honest and a good man. Therfore (quod he) let hym suffre me to be taken and to besuche a one syll.

Who wolde not wonder at the cleane and incorrupte courage of this Thoclon: he was but a poore man, and yet the greatnes of the gyfte coulde nothyng moue hym. Besydes also, he shewed, that they, the whiche, while they minister the comon welth, abstaine not from takyng of gyftes, neyther be nor ought to be taken for good men.

Of Denyse the tyrann and his sonne. Cij.

¶ What time Denyse the tyrann vnderstode that his sonne, that shulde reigne after hym, had committed aduoutry with a worshipful mans wyfe, angrily he sayed to hym: Wpd I, thy father, euer suche a deede? The yonge man
B answer,

Every tales.

answered. No, ye had not a kyng to
your father. No, thou, sayde Deuple,
arte not lyke to haue to thy son a kyng,
except thou leaue committing of suche
wyched deedes.

**Of Pompeius the Romayn,
that was brought before
withzdates. Cr.**

Pompeius a noble man of Rome, sore
hurt & wounded, was taken & broughte
before withzdates, whiche asked hym
this questyon: If I cure and heale thy
woundes, wilt thou than be my frende?
He answered him againe thus: If thou
wylt be a frende to the Romaynes, thou
shalt than haue me thy frende.

Thys was a noble and a ballaunt Ro-
mache, that preferred the welth of his
countrey before his owne healty.

Of Titus and the lesser. Cr.

Suetonius the weth, that Titus the
father prouoked a scoffer, that woode
testyng with euery body, that he should
lykewyle saye somewhat to hym: I
wyl (sayed the scoffer) after ye haue
doug

Every tales.

doone your easement. He tested at the
emperours countenance, soz he looked al
way as one that streigned hym selfe at
the stoole. On suche a disaged man wzis
teth marttall.

Vtira lactucis mollihus Vtira malius.

Nam faciem durnm phebe cacantris habes.

**Of Scipio Nasica and En-
nius the poete. Cris.**

Whan Scipio Nasica came on a
tyme to speake with Ennius the poete,
hee asked hys mayde at the dooze, yf
he were within, and she sayed, he was
not at home. But Nasica perceyvedde,
that hir maister had hyz saye so, and
that he was within: but soz that tyme
dislimblyng the mattler, hee went his
waye. Within a fewe daies after, En-
nius came to Nasica, and knockynge
at the dooze, asked, yf he were within.
Nasica hym selfe spake oute a londe,
and sayde, he was not at home. Than
saide Ennius: what man, thynke you
that I knowe not your voyce? where-
unto Nasica answered and sayd what
a dishonest mon be you? whan I sought
you

Myr tales.

you, I beleued your maybe, that sayde,
ye were not at home, and ye wyll not
beleue me myne owne selfe.

Of Fabius Minutius, and
his sonne. Cxij.

T Fabius Minutius was of his sonne
exhorted on a tyme to get and conquere
a place, that was mete for them, and to
their great advantage: the which thing
(he sayd) they might dooe with the losse
of a few men, wyll ye hee one of those
folke, sayd Fabius to his sonne:

Wherby the wyng, that it is a point
of a good capitaine to care for the least
of his souldiours, and to saue them as
nere as he can.

The emperour Antonius Idius loved
much, his sentence of Scipio, whiche
woulde ofte saye: I had leauer save one
liffen: than slea a thousand enemies.

Of Aurelian, that was displeased,
because the citee Tyana was
closed against him. Cxiii.

What tyme the emperour Aurelian
came to the citee Tyana, hee sonnde it
closed

Mery tales.

closed agaynst hym, wherefore all angrily he sayd: I wyl not leaue a dogge a lyue in this towne. Whiche woordes reioyced muche his men of warre, because of the great pray and boote that they thought to wyne there. One of the citezens, called Heradamō, for feare lest he shoulde be slayne amonge the other, betrayed the citee. Whan Aurelian had taken the citee, the fyrst thyng he did, he slew Heradamon the traitour to his countrey. And to his souldiours, that came to him and desired that they myght, accordyng to his promyse overrun and spoyle the citee, he aunswered: Go to, I said, I wold not leaue a dogge a lyue, spare not, kyll all the dogges in the towne.

By this meane the gentill prince rewarded the traytour, accordyng to his deseruyng, and disapoynted the couetise desire of the souldiours.

Of the Nunne forced that
durst not crye. Crb.

A certayne Nunne with swellng of hir bealle was bewrayed, to haue compassed wth a man. And beyng called
D iii before

Very tales:

before the couente, was right sharpely rebuked of the Abbesse, for puttinge of their house to so great a shame. She to excuse hir selfe, sayde, she was forced by a ponge man, that came into hir bedde chaumbre, agaynst whom (beinge stronger then she) it was in vaine for hir to strue, and force coulde not be imputed to hir for a cryme. Then sayde the Abbesse: thou moughtest haue bene helde excused, if thou haddest cryed. The Nunne sayed: so woulde I haue doone, had it not beene in our Dortour, where to crye is contrary to our Religion.

Of him that sayde he was
the Diuelles man: Cris.

In the ciuile seditious time of Edward the fourth and Henry the syrte, one chaunced to mete with a company, that quickly asked him: whose man art thou? Kinge Edwardes, quoth he, art thou so (quoth they?) and all to beate him: For they were of Henries syde. Wherefore to the nexte company that mette him and demaunded whose man he was, he answered: kyng Henries.

Every tale

ries. Art thou so (quoth they?) and like
wyle all to bete him. For they were on
Edwardes patte. The felow thus soze
beaten, weng forth, and met with an
other route, who asked him: whose man
art thou? he byngge at his wittes ende
what to saye, answered, the Dyuelles
man, Than goe the dyuell goe with
thee (saide they). Amen (quoth he) For
it is the best maister that I serued this
date.

By this tale ye maye perceiue how
greuous and perillous all ciuile se-
ditions be, so doubtfull may it stand,
that a man can not tel on which side
to holde. For he that now is stronger
an other tyme is weaker, as Fortune
list to turne hie wheele.

**Of the vplandishe priest, that
preached of charitie.**
Cviii.

A priest in the countrey, not the wy-
fest nor the best learned, preached to his
parisheners of charitie so vehemently,
that he sayed plainely, that it was im-
possible for anye man to be saued or to
come to heauen without charitie, except
Diss onely

Every tales.

onely the kynges grace, god saue hym.

An other sayinge of the same.

preest. Crise.

BEfoze the kynges maiestyes com-
missioners sent downe intoo the realme
in visytacyon, it chaunced the forsayd
preest among other to appere; to whom
one of the visytours (questyng quickly
what docter he was) sayde: mayster
parlone, howe spende you your tyme?
what rede you? Noz sothe ly: (sayd the
preest) I occupy my selfe in readdyng the
new testament. That is very well done
(sayd the commissioner). But sir I pray
you, who made the newe Testament?
That dyd (sayd the preest) kyng Henry
the eyghte, god haue merce vpon his
soule.

Of the fryer that prayd saint
Frauncis. Crise.

A fryer preaching to the people, ex-
tolled saynt Frauncis aboue confessozs
doctours, byrgins, martyrs, prophetes
yea, & aboue one more than prophetes,
John the Baptist, & finally aboue the
Seraphis

Merȳ tales.

Seraphicall order of angels, and ttil he
sayd, yet let vs goe higher: So whan he
coude go no farther, excepte he shoulde
put chȳste out of hys place, whiche the
good man was halfe afrayed to do: hee
sayd aloud, and yst we haue founde no
fit place for hym. And staving a lyttell
whyle, hee cryed out at laste, sayinge:
Where shall we place this holy father?
A frowarde felowe standyng among
and yence, saide: If thou canst finde none
other, than set hym here in my place.
For I am weary, and so went his way.

Of hym that warned his wife of
wasshynge her face in soule
puddell water. Cxx.

TA man dwellyng in the countrey, tak-
kyng his iourney, had hys wife in his
absence playe the good husewyle, that
he at his home comyng might finde all
thynges well. Swete husbande (quoth
she) commaunde what ye wyl, and you
shall fynde me obedyence in al thynges.
Dere heart (sayd he) I wil you no more
but this one thyng, whiche is easye y-
nough to do. What is that (quoth she?)
That you washe not your face wyth
this

Every tales:

this water, shewing hir a puddell in a
doughill, soule blacke, and stynkyng.
As oft as she in his absence weth by that
puddell, hir mynde was marvellously
moued, for whet cause hir hulsebande
so diligently warned hir of that thyng
onely. For shee coulde not perswade
hir selfe, but that there was some great
thyng in it. To be bryefe, it tempted hir
so, that she wasshed, that is, she defiled
hir face. She loked in the glasse, & was
greatly displeased with hir self. Pea, and
it was foure or fyue daies after, er shee
coude washe out the stynke & stynnyng
Whan the good manne came home, hee
found his wyfe very pensife and loking
angerly. What is the matter (quoth he)
shee at laste coulde not forbear, but
blamed him for warnyng hir to washe
in that water, and shewed hym what
had chaunced. Why wasshed you in it
(quoth he?) I gaue you warnyng, that
you shoulde not washe therein, to the
intente this harme shoulde haue not
happned.

By thys tale y^e maye perceyue, that
the more yee forbode some women
a thyng, the graater desyre they
haue to do it.

Mery tales.

Of the husband man that caused the iudge to geue sentence agaynst him selfe. Cxxi.

An husband man in Ieland came before the chiefe ruler of the countrey (whose bull had kylde the pooze mans cow) and after he had leane to speake, hee sayde: my bull leapyng ouer the dyche hath kylde your cow, what is the law? The ruler, mistrustyng no decess, answered: Thou muste paie for hit. Than, with licence, the pooze man sayd: Sir, I failled in my tale: your bull hath kylde my cow. The ruler beyng a little amoued, sayde. This is an other matter. The pooze man sayd: Merely it is all one thyng: and you haue truly iudged.

By this tale ye perceyue, that a wyse iudge wyl first know the cause well, & yet will not be hasty to geue sentence. the prouerbe biddeth thus: Judge righteously the cause of the poze and needy.

Of the Italian frier that shoulde preache before the B. of Rome and his cardinals. Cxxii.

A famous frier in Italye, called Robert Liciens, appointed to preache before

Very tales.

foze the bishop of Rome and his cardy-
nals) beinge in the pulpit, & beholdyng
the bishop and his cardinals, enter into
the churche with so great pompe, noyse,
and rufflyng, that no king vse the lyke,
and seying the bishop borne by xl. men,
and beyng at great leysure set downe,
and harkenynge what he would saye: he
sayd nought elles but this: Why on S.
Peter, why on S. Paule, and with ra-
uyng he spyt now on the ryght syde, and
nowe on the left syde: and so without
more ado, thouryng throughe the preace,
gat hym a waie, leauyng them all asto-
nied: some thynkyng hym to bee fallen
into a furie: other supposyng him to bee
fallen into some heresy, Jewishe or Pa-
ganise belefe, that he so burst out intoo
suche blasphemies. And whan it was
consulted to late hym in prison, a cardis-
nall, who knewe his wytte, and loued
hym, perswaded, that he shoulde fyrste
be called befoze the bishop and certayne
cardinals, to here what he would saye.
And so beyng inquired, why hee barste
out into so horrible blasphemies, he an-
swered, that he had opponited a farre
other argument: and in fewe woordes
declared the whole summe of hys ser-
mon:

Mery tales.

Mon: But whan I (sayde he) sawe you lyue to pomposity, and in so great delictes & pleasures: and on thother side considered, howe homely, howe peyneful, and how harde vlyse the Apostles ledde whose plates you supplie, I gathered, that eyther they were mad, that by so sharpe a way contended to come to heauen: or els you to holde the streight way to hell. But of you that beare the keyes of heauen, I could not perswade my self to deeme euill. Than what els could I do, but detest theyr foolyshnes: whiche whan thei might after this facion haue liued gloriously in all welth and pleasure, wold rather, all their life turment them selves with watchynges, fastynges, and other peynfull labours.

C Of the doctour that sayd, in Erasmus woorkes were heresies. **Cxxiii.**

A notable doctour, preachyng in a solemne audience, sayd: that in Erasmus woorkes were certayne heresies. Who beyng come out of the pulpit, was desired of a learned man, to shewe soorth some place hereticall. Hee aunswered, that he had neuer red Erasmus bookes:
hee

Mery tales.

hee began once to reade the woorkes, intituled *Moria*, but by reaso it was so high a stile, he feared to fall into some heresy.

¶ Of the fries the preached at Pauls cloyste agaynst Erasmus. Cxxiii.

¶ A great clerke, nofeld bp in scoole doctours, not well vnderstanding the latin stile & phrase, that than began to flouthe apase, & haupnge smale acquaintance with the noble authours of the latyne tongue, saide: that Erasmus, with his rhetorike and eloquence went about to corrupte the Byble. For this (quoth he) I dare be bolde to say: þ the holy scripture ought not to be mingled with the eloquence of Tully, nor yet of Cicero.

¶ Of an other flier þ taxed Erasme for wyrtynge *Germana theologia*. Cxxv.

A fryer, that preached on a tyme too the people, inueighed greatly agaynst Erasmus, because he in his booke called *Enchiridion*, prepsyng the Apostles doctryne, sayde: that theirs was *Germana theologia*, that is to saye in englishe, the very ryght diuinitie: As sayeth this doctryne

Many tales.

As the fryer here may ye see, what a man Erasmus is: he sayeth, there is no diuinite but in Germanie, where heretikes are specially fauored and maintayned.

Of an other that inueighed agaynst the same Erasmus. Cxxvi.

Because Erasmus wrote, that it wer better for the monke of the charterhouse to eate fleshe than to suffer his brother, Venire in capitis discrimen, that is to saye, than his brother should stand in teoperdie of his life: this doctise doctour interpretat his wordes thus: The charterhouse monke wer better eate fleshe, than his head shoulde a liffell ake. j

By these tales we may se, what peuplish the preachers haue been in this world: And be thei neuer so foolish, yet the ignorant people, lacking learninge to iudge suche matters, thinke them selues well taught, when they be cleane misledde.

Of kyng Richard the. iii. and the Northern man. Cxxvii.

After kyng Richard the. iii. had vsurped the crowne of England, he so fayne and stablishe the people, that soie murmured agaynst his dooynges, sent for syue thou

Mery tales.

thousand men out of the North partes
bp to London: and as he was mustyrng
of them in Thickettes feelde, one of the
souldiers, cam, and clappynge the kyng
on the shoulder, said Diccon, Diccon,
by the mis ays blith that thou art kyng.

Of the Canon and his man. Cxxviii.

TH Canon in Beresforde, that kepte a
good house, toke into his seruice a gentil-
mans sonne, to trade and byrnyng hym vp,
to wayte and serpe at the table. So on a
day the sayde canon, haupnge many
strangers at his bourd, made a signe to
his man, that there wated some thyng.
He nougt perceuyng, cam to his mas-
ter and sayde: Sir, what lacke you?
Sesst not man (quoth he?) They haue
no bread on the table. Sir, saide his mā
ther was enough euen now, if they
woulde haue let it alone.

**Of the same Canon and his
sayd man. Cxxix.**

The same Canon an other tyme, bad
his sayd seruant after supper, go downe
and draw a cuppe of wyne, to make his
gwestes

Merie tales.

guelles drinke at theyr departing, whō he had before taught, how he shuld take of the couer. So the yong mā, byngyng the candell in one hād, & the cup of wine couered in the other: offred it vnto the: his mayster seyng that made a token to hym: He not knowyng wherfore, sayd: Sir, what woulde you heue? Take of the couer (quoth his mayster) than holde you the candell (saide the scruaunt)

Of the gentylman that checked hys
seruant for talke of ryngyng. Crrr.

A gentylman brought vp at London
in an In of court, was marved, & kepte
an house in the countrey: And as he sate
at supper with his neyghbours aboute
hym, vpon an alhalow date at night, a-
monge other communicatiō, he talked
of the solemne ri: gyng of the belles (as
was the vsage than) his man, that wait-
ted on the table, sayd to his maister: sir,
he that were this nyghte in London,
shoulde here wonderfull ryngyng, & so
began a tale. Hys mayster, not cōtent
with his talke, said: Hold thy peace foole
wilt thou tel me of ringyng in London?
I know it (I trow) a lyttell better than
I then

Mery tales.

**Thou . For I haue beene there an. C. al.
halow nyghes.**

Of the blynde man & his boye. Cxxxi.

**A certayne pooze blynde man in the
countrey was ledde by a curst boy to an
house where a wedding was: so the ho-
nest folkes gaue him meate, & at last one
gaue hym a legge of a good fatte goose:
whiche the boy receyuyng kept a syde, &
did eate it by hym selfe. Anon the blynde
man saide: Iacke where is the leg of the
goose? what goose (quod the boy) I haue
none. Thou liest (quoth the blinde man)
I dyd smell it. And so they wente forth
chiding together, tyll the shrewde boye
led the pooze man agaynst a post: where
hitting his brow a great blow, he cryed
out: A hoorsen boy what hast thou done:
why (q the boy) could you not smell the
post, & was so nere? as wel as the goose
that was so farre from your nose?**

**Of him that sold two lodes
of hey. Cxxxi.**

**In London dwelled a mery pleasant
man (whiche for his tyme we may call
make**

Every tales.

makeshift) who beyng arrayed some
what haruest lyke, with a pyche forke
on his necke, went forth in a moznyng
and mette with twoo lode of hey come-
myng to the citeware, for the whiche
he bargayned with the owners to paye
xxx. shillinges. whyther shall we bring
them, quoth thei: To the swan in longe
lane by Smithfeeld (quoth he) And soo
left them, and sped him thether the next
waye. Whan he came to the good man
of the swanne, he asked, if he would bye
two god lodes of hey. Yes marie, sayde
he: where be thei: Even here they come
(quoth makshyfe) what shall I paye,
sayde the inholder: foure nobles (quoth
hee) but at lenght they agreed for . xx.
shilling. whan the hey was come, mak-
shyft bad them unlode. So while they
were doying, he came to the inholder, &
said: sir, I pray you let me have my mo-
net: for while my mē be boloding, I wil
goe into the citee to by a littell stuffe to
haue home with me. The good man
was content, and gaue it hym. And so
he went his way. Whā the men had un-
loded the hey, they came and demanded
their money. To whō the inholder saide
I haue paid your maister, what maister

I li

(quoth)

Mery tales.

(quoeth they?) wary, q he, the same man that made you bypnyng the hey hether, we know hym not, q they, No more doe I (q he) that same man bargayned with me for the hey, and hym haue I payed: I neyther bought nor sold w you. That is not enough for vs, q they, And thus thei stroue together, but what ende thei made I know not. For I thynke make thist came not againe to agree them.

How a mery man deuised to cal people to a playe. Cxxxiii.

* * *
A mery man called Qualitees; on a tyme sette vp billes vpon postes aboute London. that who so euer woulde come to Northumberlande place, shoulde here suche an antycke place, that both for the matter and handelyng, the lyke was neuer heard before. For all they that shoulde playe therein were gentilmen, whose bylles moued the people (whan the daye came) to come thither thycke and threfolde. Now he had hyred two men to stande at the gate with a bore (as the facion is) who toke of every persone that came in, a peny, or an halfe peny at the least. So whan he thought
the

Mery tales.

the market was at the best, he came to the gate, and toke from the man the bore with money, and geuyng the m their duitie, bade them go into the hall, and see the come kepte: For hee shoulde gooe and fetch in the plaiers. They went in, and he went out, and lockt the gate faste, and toke the key with hym: and gat hym on hys geldyng, whiche stode ready saddilled without Aldys the gate at an In, and towarde Barnet he roade a pace. The people tarped from twoo a clocke tyll thzee, from thzee to foure, styll askyng and cryng: Whan shall the plase begyn? How long shall we tarpe? whan the clocke stroke foure all the people murmured and sayed: wherefoze tarpe we any longer? Here shall be no playe. Where is the knaue, that hath beguyfled vs hyther? It were almes if thzuste a dagger throughe hys chckes, sayeth one. It were well done to cutte of hys eares sayeth an other. Haue hym to Redgat sayeth one, nay haue hym to Tyburne sayed an other. Shall wee loose our money thus sayeth he? Shall we bee thus beguiled sayeth this man? shulde this be suffered sayeth that man? And so muttryng and chyng

Aiii

dyng

Mery tales.

dyng they came to the gate to goe oute:
but they coulde not. For it was faste
lockt, and Qualitees had the key away
with him. Now begynne they a freshe
to fret and fume: nowe they swere and
stare: now they stamp and threaten.
For the locking in greued them more:
than all the losse and mockery befoze:
but all anayle not. For there muste
they abide till wayes may be founde to
open the gate. that they maye goe out.
The maidens that shoulde haue dressed
theyr maisters suppers, they wepe and
crye, boyes and prentises sorrow and la-
ment, they wote not what to say whan
shel come home. For al this foule araye,
as al this great frai, Qualites is mery
rydyng on his wate.

How the image of the dyuell
was lost and sought. Cxxxiii.

In the Goldsmithes hall, amonge
theyr other plate, they had a fair stan-
dyng cuppe, with an image of S. Dun-
stane on the cover, whiche image hadde
an image of the dyuell at his foete. So
it chaunced at a banquet that the sayed
image of the dyuell was lost and gone,

Mery tales.

On the morow after, the bedyll of the company, was sent about to serche amonge the golde smythes, if any such came to be sold. And lyke as of other he enquired of one, if any mā had brought to hym to be solde, the foole that sat at saint Dunstanes foote vpon the couer of the cuppe. What foole meane you, quoth he, Mary the diuell, sayde the bedill. Why, quoth the other, call ye the diuell a foole? ye shal find him a thyrd foole, if ye haue ought to do with hym. And why seke you for him here amonge vs? where shoulde I els seke for hym (sayde the bedill.) Mary in hell, quoth he, for there ye shal be sure to fynde the dyuell.

Of Tachas, kyng of Egypt, and Agasilaus. Cxxx.

What tyme Agasilaus, king of the Lacedemonians, was come to Tachas the kyng of Egypt, to aide him in his wars: Tachas beholdyng Agasilaus to bee a man of so litel stature & smal personage tauntyng hym with this scoffe, sayde: The mountayne hath trauayled, Jupit

Mery tales.

fer forbode, but yet hee hathe broughte forth a mouse. Agesilaus, beyng offended wth hys saying, answered: and yet the tyme wyl come, that I shall seeme to the a Lyon. And not longe after, it chaunced through a sedycion that arose amonge the Egyptians, whan Agesilaus was gone from him, the king was constrained to flee to the Persians.

**Of Cozar the Rhetorician, and Tisias
hys scoler. Cxxxvi.**

A certayne man called Cozar, determined hym selfe for mede to teache the arte of Rhetorycke: with whom a yong man named Tisias, conenanted on thin wyse that he wold pay him his wages, whan he had perfectly learned the science. So whan he had lerned the art, he made no haste to pay his teacher, wherefore hys master sued hym. Whan they came before the iudges, the yonge man bewaunded of hys master what was the effecte of the science: he answered In reasonyng to perswade. Than go to if I perswade these honourable iudges, that I owe you nothing, I wil pay you nothyng, for you are cast in your octio.
And

Every tales.

And yf I can not perswade them, than wil I pay you nothing, because I have not yet perfectly learned the art. Cozar wrestyng the yonge mans owne argument agaynst hym selfe . sayd : If thou perswade them, that thou oughteste me nothyng: than (accozdyng to the couenaunt) thou must nedes pay mee my wages, for thou haste the art perfectly. Now yf thou canst not perswade them yet shalt thou pay mee my wagas, because thou arte condemned by the Judges sentence to be my detour.

Of Augustus and Athenodorus the Philosopher. Cxxxviii.

¶ What tyme Athenodorus the Philosopher had (by reason of hys herte age) opteyned lycence of Auguste , to depart home, he admonysshed him, that beyng angry, he should nether saye nor dooe any thyng, befoze he had by hym selfe rehearsed ouer the . xxiij. Brecke letters Whych saying whan the prince heard, he sayed: he had yet nede of him, to teache hym the arte so keepe sylvence, by colour wheraof he re-ayned the olde man abut hym a whole yere longer.

By

Overy tales.

By this tale we mase perceyue, that
of al things a pynce, a ruler, a iudge
ought specially to eschewe wraethe.
For the morall booke sayeth: Anger
troubleth the mynde, that it can not
discerne the truth. And Seneca wy-
teth, that slowe carryinge doeth pro-
fite in nothyng but in wraethe.

**Of the frenche kyng and the
brome seller. Cxxxviii.**

As a frenche kyng on a tyme was in
hunting, he hapned to lose his compa-
nie, & comyng throughe a brome heath,
he herde a poore man and his wife pite-
ously complayne on fortune. The kyng,
after he had wel heard the long lamen-
tacio of theyr poore and miserable state,
came vnto them, and after a fewe wordes
he questioned with them howe they li-
ued: They shewed him, how they came
daily to that heath, and all the brome,
that thei and their asse could carie home,
was lytell enough to finde theim and
their poore children meat. Well (quoth
the kyng) Take that you bring to mo-
row early to the court gate, as many
bromes as you and your asse can carie,
and

Every tales.

and see that you sell them well. For I warrant you they shalbe bought apase. They thanked hym, and so he departed from them; And then came the lordes, knyghtes, and gentilmen to the kinge, and home they rode. After supper the kyng called them all befoze hym, and gave them in commaundement that neither lord knyght, nor gentilman, should on the morow come into the courte, wythout a new brome in his hande. For he had a thyng to doe, whiche they shoulde know afterwarde. So on the morowe whan they come to the court gate, there found they the poore man, his wife and the asse loded with bromes, whiche hee solde to the galauntes of the court, enen as he wolde hym selfe. Wherby the sayd poore man was made riche for ever and they lptell the woofse. Thus whan the kyng sawe the states and gentilmen of his court come in so wel furnished with grene bromes, and consydyng the cause wherfoze it was, he laughed merilye.

¶ An other tale of the same frenche kyng. Cxxxix.

¶ There chanced in a certayne part of the

Mery tales.

the realme, an offyce to fal into þ kinglys
handes by the dech of a man which was
worth a. cccc. crounes by the yere. An
honest wispy gentilman, dwelling ther
by, trustyng to opteyne the sayde offyce,
made as good specede to the courte as hee
could, and as soone as he might come to
the kynges presence, he kneeled downe,
& in most humblewise desired his grace,
to geue vnto hym that offyce, declaring
what it was. The king perceiuing how
good an office it was, and thinking ther
with to rewarde some luche one of hys
seruauntes, that had well deserued it,
answered quickely, and sayd: My frend
be content, you get it not. The gentil-
man hearyng those wordes, sayd: I most
hertely thancke your grace, both I and
myne are mooste bounden to praye for
your hyghnesse: And so makynge lowe
obeylaunce, wente his waye. Whan he
had gone a lyttell waye, the kyng com-
maunded to call hym againe. Whan he
was come backe, the kyng asked him if
he dyd well vnderstand, what answere
he gaue hym. Yes truely, sayd the gentil
man. What sayd I, quoth the kyng:
warpe your grace had me bee contente,
for I shoulde not haue the offyce. Why
did

Merry tales.

dyd you than (quoth the kynge) geue me
so great thanks because sayde the gen-
tylman, your grace gaue me so sone an
answere, without longer suite and losse
of tyme, whiche would haue bene to me
a very muche hyndzaunce. For I haue
at home a great householde, vnto the
which it behoueth me to loke dyligent-
ly, or els it wyl be wrong wyth me. The
kynge markynge well the wysedom &
dexterpytee of the gentylman, and con-
cepyng a fauoure towarde hym, sayd:
Wel, nowe shal you thanke me twyse:
for you shal haue the offyce that you
sewe for: and than castyng hys eyes vp
on hys Chauncelloure, commaunded
hym, that all suche wyptynges as con-
cerned hys sayd offyce, shoulde wyth al
speede bee made oute, that he were at
home agayne to ouerloke hys sample.

What an Italian fryer dyd in hys preachyng. Cxl.

Robert Lyncense: a fryer of Italye (of
whome we spake besore) preachyng on
a tyme, with great behemencye of wo-
des and gesture, exhorted the prynces
and people to make warre agaynst the
Tur-

My tales.

Turkes and other the enemies of chry-
stendome; and whan he came to the be-
rreffect, and molte hette and earnest
in his tale, he began to wepe, that there
were none, that wold to so godly a pur-
pose, offer them selfe to be capitains.
If this be the let of the mattier: beholde
me here, whiche will be nothyng abas-
shed to cast aside this grey friers coate,
and to take vpon mee to be a souldiour,
or your capitaine. And euen with that
woorde he caste of his vpper coate & vn-
derneath he was a playne souldiour, ar-
raied in a Skarlet cloke, and a long ras-
pier hangyng by his side. And in this
warlyke apparell, in the personage of a
Capitain, he stode and preached halfe an
houre. Being sente for of the Cardinals
with whom he was familiar, hee was
asked what was the prettice of that new
example: he answered, that he did it for
his wenches pleasure, who familiarly
confessed that nothyng in the sayd Bo-
bert displeased hir, saue his friers coate.
Then saide he to hir: In what apparell
shal I best please you? In s^m of warres
quoth shee? Than se that you be at my
sermon to morow, quoth he.

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A merry dia-

logue, Declaryng the pro-
perties of shrowde shrewes &
honest wyues: not onely very
pleasaunt, but also not a
litle profitable: made
by the famousse
Clerke D.

Erasmus Rotterodamus,
Translated in to
Englyshe.
(.)

Anno. M. D. LVII.



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Ulalpa. God spede, and a
thousand mine old acquain
taunce rantippa. ranti. As
many againe, my dere harte
Eulalia. My seme is ye are
waten muche fayre now of late. Eula.
Say you so: geue you me a mocke at y
first dath. ran. Say verely, but I take
you so. Eula. Happely my new gobone
maketh me to loke fayrer then I shuld
do. ran. Soth you say, I haue not sene
a minioner this many dayes. I reken
it Englysh cloth. Eula. It is Englysh
stufte & died in Uenis. ran. It is softer
then silke, what an Orient purple here
is: Who gaue you so riche a gift. Eula.
Howe shoulde honest women come by
their gere: but by their husbādes: ran.
Happy arte thou that hath such an hu
band, but I would to God for his pa
tion, that I had married an husband
of clowtes, when I maryed Coll n
ood man. Eula. Why say ye so, I pra
ou are you at oddes now: ran. I shal
euer be at one with him, ye se how b eg

gerly I go. I haue not an hole smocke
to put on my backe, and he is well con-
tente withall: I pray God I neuer co-
me in heauen, and I be not ashamed
oftymes to shewe my head, when I see
other woues how net and trim they go
that are matched with farre poozer me
then he is. Eula. The apparell of ho-
nest woues is not in the aray of the bo-
dy, nor in the tyzementes of their head,
as saint Peter the Apostle teacheth vs
(and that I learned a late at a Ser-
mon) but in good luyng and honeste
conuersacion and in the ornamentes of
the soule, the comen quenes are pain-
ted vp, to please many mennes eyes.

We ar trimme ynough if we please our
usbaides only. Kan. But yet my good
an so euell will yng to bestowe ought
yon his wyfe, maketh good chere,
affeth out of the doores that he had
ith me no small potte of wyne.

Mai. Where vpon? Kantypa. Where
or, yn lyketh best, at the tauerne, at
the steeves, and at the dyce. Eulalia.

Beac

Peace, saye not so. Kan. Well yet thus
it is, the when he commeth home to me
at mydnyght, long watched for, he ly-
eth robotyng lyke a slopne all the leue
longe nyght, yea and now and then he
all bespeweth his bed, and worse then
I will say at this tyme. Eula. Peace;
thou dishonestest thy selfe, when thou
doest dishoneste thy husbände. Kantip.
The deuyl take me bodye and bones;
but I had leuer lye by a sow with pyg-
ges, then with suche a bedfelowe. Eula-
lia. Doest thou not then take hym vp,
welsauoredly for stumblyng? Kantip.
As he deserueth I spare no tōgue. Eu-
lia. What doeth he the? Kantip. At the first
broke he toke me vp vengeably, tru-
styng that he should haue shaken me of
and put me to silence with his crabbid
wordes. Eula. Came neuer youre hote
wordes vnto handstrokes? Kantip. On
a tyme we fell so farre at wordes y^e we
were almost by y^e eares together. Eula-
lia. What say you womā? Kan. He toke vp
a staffe wandryng at me, as the deuyl
A. iij. had

had bene on hym, ready to laye me on
the bones. Eula. Were thou not readye
to rone in at the bench hole. Kan. May
mary I warrant the. I gat me a three
foted stoole in hande, & he had but ones
layde his lytell synger on me, he should
not haue founde me lame. I woulde
haue holden his nose to the grindstone.
Eulalia. A newe founde chylde, ye wē-
ted your dystaffe to haue made you a
spere. Kantippa. And he shoulde not
greatly a laughed at his parte. Eula.
Ah my friende Kantippa, that way is
neyther good nor Godly. Kantippa.
What is neyther good nor Godly? If
he wyll not vse me as his wyfe: I wyll
not take hym for my husbände. Eula-
lya. But Paule sayeth that wyues
shoulde bee boner and burune unto
their husbandes with all humylitie,
and Peter also byngeth vs an exam-
ple of Sara, that called her husbände
Abraham, Lorde. Kantippa. I knowe
that as wel as you, the the same Paule
sayeth that mē should loue their wyues,
as

as Christe loued his spouse the church;
lette hym do his dutie, I will do mine.
Eula. But for all that; when the mat-
ter is so farre that y one must forbear
the other, it is reason that the woman
geue place vnto the man, Xantippa. Is
he mete to be called my husbande that
maketh me his vnderlyng, and his du-
well. Eula. But tel me dame Xantippa;
would he neuer offer the stripes after
Xantip: Not a stripe; and therew he
was the wyler man, for and he had, he
should haue repented every bayne in
his harte. Eulalpa. But thou offeredst
hym fowle wordes plenty. Xantip. And
wil do. Eula. What doeth he the meane
season: Xan. What doeth he, sometyne
he cotocheth an hoggetheale, sometime
he doeth nothyng but stande & laughe
at me, otherwyle taketh his Lute,
whereon is scarfye thre stringes, lai-
yng on that as faste as he maye dyue,
because he woulde not heare me. Eula.
Doeth that greue the: Xantippa. Too
beyond, home, many a tyme I haue
much

muche a do to holde my hande. Eula.
Nayghbour Fantippa, wilt thou geue
me leaue to be playne with the? Fantip
pa. Good leaue haue you. Eula. Be as
holde anite agayne, our olde acquain
taunce and anite, euen from our chyl
hode, would it should be so. Fantippa.
Trueth you saye, there was neuer wo
manhode that I fauoured more. Eu
la. Whatsoeuer thy husbād be, marke
well this chaunge thou canst not. In
the olde tyme, where the deuell hadde
cast a boone betwene the man and the
wyfe, at the worste waye they myghte
be deuorzed, but now that remedye is
past, euen tyl death depart you, he must
nedes be thy husbāde, and thou his
wyfe. Fan. It mote thei thyrue and thei
that haue take away y libertie from vs.
Eulalya. Be thoue what thou sayest, it
was christes act. Fan. I can euell beleue
that. Eula. It is a one other wyse, now
it is beste that eyther of you one be
yng with an other, ye labour to lyue
at rest and peace. Fantippa. Why.

can

can I forgeue him a newe: Cu. It ly-
eth great parte in the womē, for the or-
deringe of theyr husbandes. can. Lea-
dest thou a meere life wit thine: Cula.
Nobwe al is well. can. Ergo ther was
som what to do at your fyrste meetyng.
Cula. Neuer no greate busynes, but
yet as it, happeneth nobwe and than be-
twene man & woman, there was foule
cloudes aloft, that myght haue made
a storme but that they were ouer blo-
wen, boyth good humanytie and wyse
handlyng. Every man hath hys ma-
ner and every mā hath his seuerall ap-
tyte or mynde, and thynkes hys aboue
way best, & yf we list not to lye there li-
ueth no mā without faulte, which yf a
nye where ellis, ywis in wedlocke they
ought to knowe and not vtterly hated,
can, you say well. Culalpa. It happe-
neth many times that loue daies brea-
keth betwene man and wife, before the
one be perfectly knowē vnto the other
be ware of that in anye wyse, for when
marrye is ones begon, loue is but ba-
ryle

rely redressed agayne, namelpe, yf the
water growe furthe vnto bytter cher-
kes, & shameful railinges such thyges
as are fastened with glewe, yf a man
wyl all to shake them straghte wile
whyle the glewe is warme, they soone
fal in peces, but after y glewe is ones
dried vp they cleue together so fast as
any thyng, wherfore at the beginning
a meanes muste be made, y loue maie
encrease and be made sure betwene y
man & the wife & that is beste brought
about by gentillesse and fayre condi-
cions, for the loue that beantie onely
causeth, is in a maner but a chery fair-
re. can. But I praye you hartelye tell
me, by what pollycy ye brought youre
good man to folow your daunce. Eu-
la. I wyl tell you on this condycion,
that ye wyl folowe me. can. Yf I can
Eu. It is as easy as water yf ye can
fynd in youre hart to do it, nor yet no
good time past for he is a yong mā, &
you are but a girle of age, & I trowe
it is notha ycare ful sig ie wer married.
can.

ra. All this is true. Eula. I wyl shew
you then. But you must kepe it secret.
Fanti. With a ryght good wyl. Eula.
This was my chiefe care, to kepe me
alwayes in my husbandes fauoure,
that there should nothyng angre hym.
I obserued his appetite and pleasure,
I marked the tymes bothe when he
would be pleased and when he would
be all byshrewed, as they that tame
Elephantes and Lyons or suche bea-
stes that can not be wone by strength
Fantippa. Suche a beast haue I at
home. Eula. Thei that goeth vnto the
Elephantes weare no white garmen-
tes, nor they that tame wyld bulles,
weare no blasynge rodde, for expery-
ence teacheth, that suche beastes be
madde with those colours, lyke as the
Tygers by the sounde of tymbrels be
made so wode, that they plucke them-
self in peces. Also thei y breake horses
haue theyr termes and theyr soundes,
theyr hadlynges, and other knackes
to breake theyr wyldnes, wythall.

Hoboe much more then is it oure due-
tyes that we wyues to hse suche cras-
tes toward our husbādes with whom
all our lyfe tyme wil be, nil we is one
house, and one bed. rātip. Furth with
your tale. Eula, whē I had ones mar-
ked thre thynges. I aplied my selfe
vnto hym, well ware not to dysplease
him. rātip. Hoboe could thou do that
Eulalya. I yste in the ouersepyng my
househoulde, whych is the very char-
ge and cure of wyues; I wayted euer,
not onely gyuinge hede that nothing
shoulde be forgotten or vndone, but
that al thynges shoulde as he woulde
haue it, wer it neuer so small a trifle. rā
woherin Eulalia. As thus. Yf my good
man had a fantasye to this thinge, or
to that thyng, or yf he woulde haue his
meate dresled on this fashyon, or that
fashyon. rān. But hobo couldest thou
fashyon thy selfe after hys wyll and
mynde, that eyther woulde not be at
home, or elles be as freshe as a saltte
hering. Eula. Abyde a while. I come
not

not at that yet, yf my husbāde were be-
ry sad at anye tyme, no tyme to speake
to him. I laughed not nor gyled him
as manie a woman doth, but I looked
ruly and herye, for as a glasse (yf
it be a true stone) representeth euer the
physnomy of hym that lokethe in it, so
lyke wyse it becommeth a wedded wo-
man alway to agre vnto the appetyte
of her husbāde, that she be not metye
whē he mourneth, nor disposed to plat
whē he is sad. And if that at any time
he be waithard shrowshaken, either I
pacyfyē hym wyth fayre wordes, or I
let hym alone, vntyll the wynde be o-
uerblowen giuing him neuer a worde
at al, vntill the time come that I may
eyther excuse my faute, or tell hym of
hys In lyke wyse when he commeth
home wel whyttled, I gyue him gen-
till and fayre wordes, so with fayre
entreatinge I gette him to bedde. ran
tippa, O careful state of wiues, when
thei muste be gladde and fayne to fo-
lowe their husbādes mindes, be they
eliuise.

eluphe, Drunken, or doyng what myf-
chefe they lyfte. Eula. As who sayeth
thys gentyll dealyngge serueth not for
bothe parties, for they. spyte of theyr
berdes muste fuffre many thynges. in
our demeanour yet a tyme ther is, whe
in a weyghty matter it is laifull that
the wyfe tell the good mā his faute, yf
that it be matter of substaunce, for at
light tryfles, it is best to play byll vn-
der wyngge. rantip. What tyme is that
Eula. When he is ydle, neyther angry
penlyfe, nor ouerslen, then betwixt you
two secretly he must be tolde his faute
gētly, or ratyer intreated, that in this
thyngge or that he play the better hus-
bande, to lōke better to thys good na-
me and fame and to his helth & this
fellingge must be myxt with mery con-
ceytes and pleasaūt wordes, many ty-
mes I make a meane to tell my tale
after this fashyon, y he shall promyse
me, he shall take no dyspleasure with
the thyngge, that I a folysh woman
shall breake vnto hym, that pertey-
neth

neith eyther to hy's helthe too shypp
or weith. When I haue sayde that I
woulde, I chop dreane from that com
municatyon and fall into some other
pastyme, for thys is all oure fautes,
neyghboure, rantippa. That wen we
begyn ones to that oure toungues ne
uer lye. rantip. So men say. Cudalia.
Thus was I wel ware on, that I ne
uer tell my husbade his fautes before
compane, nor I neuer caried any com
playnte furthe a dozes: the mende is
soner made whē none knoweth it but
two, and ther were any suche faute
that myght not be wel borne nor amē
ded by p'sones tellige, it is more lau
dable that the wife make complainte
vnto the parentes and kinsfolke of
her husband, then vnto her alone, and
so to moderate her complaynte that
she seme not to hate hym but hy's vice
nor let her play all the blabbe, that in
some point bantred, he may knowe &
tune his wiles curtesy. rantip. She
had nede be a wel lerned woman, that
shoulde

should do all this. Eu. Mari though
suche demeanoure, we shall steepe
husbādes into lyke gentylnesse. Fan:
There be some that can not be amen-
ded wyth all the gentyll handlynge in
the worlde. Eula. In fayth I thinke
nay, put case there be, marke this wel,
the good man muste be for borne, how
soeuer the game goeth, then is it bet-
ter to haue hym alwayes at one point
oz elles more kinde and louing throu-
oure gentyll hand lynge, then to haue
hym worse and worse throue our cur-
sednesse, what wyll you saye and I tel
you of husbādes that hath wōne theyr
wyues by suche curtesye, howe muche
more are we bounde to vse the same to-
warde our husbādes. Fantip. Than
shal you tell of one farre vnlyke vnto
myne husband. Eula. I am aqueted
wyth a certayne gentelman well ler-
ned and a very honest man, he married
a yonge wyfe, a mayden of .xvii. yeare
olde brede and brought vp of a childe
in the countre vnder her fathers and
mothers

mothers wyng (as gentylmē delite to,
dwel in the countrey) to hunt & hawke.
This young gētilman wolde haue one
that were vnbroken, because he myght
the sooner breake her after his owne
mynde, he began to enter her in lear-
nyng, synging, and plaiyng, and by lit-
tell and lyttell to vse here to repete such
thynges as she harde at sermons, and
to instruct her with other thynges that
myghte haue dooen her more good in
tyme to come. This geare, because it
was straunge vnto this young womā
whiche at home was brought vp in all
ydelnesse, and with the lyght commu-
nication of her fathers seruauntes,
and other pastimes, began to ware gre-
uous & paynfull, vnto her: She wyth
drew her good mynde and dyligence,
and when her husband called vpon her
she put the finger in her eye, and wept,
and many tymes she would fal doونه
on the grounde, beatyng her head a-
gaynst the floure, as one that woulde
be oute of thys worlde. When there

was no healepe for this geare, the good
man as though he hadde bene well, as-
ked his wyfe if she would ryde into the
countrey with him a sportyng vnto her
fathers house, to that she graunted
anone. When they were comen the-
ther, the gentylman left his wyfe with
her mother & her systers, he went furth
an huntynge with his father in lawe,
there betwene them two, he shewed all
together, howe that he hadde hoped to
haue had a louyng companion to lea-
de his lyfe withall, now he hath one
that is alwayes blubberyng and py-
nyng her selfe awaye withoute any re-
medy, he prayeth hym to laye to hys
hande in amēding his doughters fau-
tes, her father answered that he hadde
ones geuen hym his doughter, and yf
that she woulde not be ruled by woo-
des (a Goddes name take Stafforde
lawe) she was his awne. Then the ge-
tylman sayd agayne, I knowe that I
may do, but I had leuer haue her amē-
ded eyther by youre good counsell. or
com-

commaundemente , then to come vnto
that extreme wayes. Her father promi-
sed that he woulde fynde a remedye.
After a day or two, he espyed tyme and
place whā he myght be alone with his
doughter. Then he looked sourely vpon
his doughter, as though he hadde bene
horne woode with her, he began to re-
herse howe fowle a beast she was, how
he feared many tymes y he shuld neuer
haue bestowd her . And yet sayde he,
muche a dooe, vnto my greate ceste and
charge , I haue gotten the one that
myght lye by any ladies syde , and she
were a Quene, and yet thou not percey-
uyng what I haue dooen for the , nor
knowyng that thou haste suche a man,
whiche but of his goodnes myghte
thynke thee to euyl to bee stoye in hys
kytchen, thou contrariest al his minde,
to make a short tale, he spake so sharp-
ly to her, that she feared that he would
haue beaten her . It is a man of a sub-
tyll and wylpe wytte , whiche wyth-
out a bylarde is readye to playe anye

maner of part. Then this young wyfe,
what for feare, and for truthe of the
matter, cleane stryken oute of counte-
naunce, fell downe at her fathers fete,
desyryng hym that he woulde forgette
and forgeue her all that was paste, and
euer after she would dooe her duetye.
Her father forgaue her, and promysed
that she should fynde hym a kynde and
a louyng father, if so be that she per-
fourmed her promyse. xantippa. Howe
did she afterwarde? Eulalya. When she
was departed fro her father, she came
backe into a chaumbre, and there by
chaunce found her husband alone, she
fel on her knees to him and sayd. Man
in tymes paste, I neyther knewe you
nor my selfe, from this daye forwarde,
ye shall se me cleane chaunged, onelye
pardon that is past. with that her hus-
bande tooke her in his armes & kyssed
her, sayng she shoulde lacke nothyng,
yf she woulde holde her in that mynde.
xantip. Why did she contynue so? Eu-
lalya. Euen tyll her endyng daye, nor
there

there was noone so byle a thyng but
that she woulde laye handes on it rea-
dely with all her heart, if her husbände
would let her so great loue was begon
and assured betwene them, and manye
a day after, she thanked God that euer
she met with suche a mā. For if she had
not, she sayde she had bene cleane caste
away. Kan. We haue as a great plenty
of such husbādes, as of whyte crowes.
Eulalya. Nowe, but for weripng you?
I coulde tell you a thyng that chaun-
sed a late in this same Cytie. rantippa.
I haue ytell to dooe, and I like your
communication very well. Eulalya.
There was a certayne gentylman, he
as such sorte of men do, bled much hun-
tyng in the countrey, where he happe-
ned on a young damoyzell, a very pore
womans chylde on whome he doted, a
man well stryken in age, and for her
sake he lay often out of his owne house
his excuse was hūting. This mā's wife
an exceeding honest woman, halfe deale
suspecting the mater, tried out her hus-
bandes

bandes falsed, on a tyme when he had
taken his iourney furth of the towne,
vnto some other wayes, she wente in-
to that pooze cotage and boulded oute
all the boole matter, where he laye on
nyghtes, wher on he drake, what thyng
thei had to welcome him with at. Ther
was neyther one thyng noz other, but
bare walles. This good woman retur-
ned home, and soone after came againe
bryngyng with her a good soft bed, and
al therto belongyng and certain plate,
besydes that, she gaue them money,
chargyng them that if the Gentylman
came agayne, they should entreate him
better, not being knowen al this whyle
that she was his wyfe; but frayed her
to be his sister. Not long after, her hus-
bande staie thether againe, he sawe the
house otherwyse Decked, and better
fare then he was mounthe to haue. He
asked, frome whence cometh all thys
goodlye gere: They sayde that an ho-
neste matrone, a kynswoman of hys
hadde broughthe it thether, and com-
maunded

maunded them that he shoulde be well
cheershed when so euer he came, by
and by his harte gaue him that it was
his wyues depe; when he came home,
he demaunded of her if she hadde bene
there or not, she sayde yea. Then he as-
ked her for what purpose she sente all
that houshoulds stuffe thether: Man
(said she) ye haue bene tēderly brought
vp, I perceyued that ye were but courf-
lye handled there, me thoughte that
it was my parte, seyng it was youre
woyl and pleasute to be there, ye should
be better looked to. Fantippa. She was
one of Goddes fooles. I woulde ra-
ther for a bedde haue layde vnder hym
a bundell of nettels: or a burden of
thystels. Eula. But heare the ende, her
husbande perceyuyng the honeste of
her greate pacpence, neuer after laye
from her, but made good chere at home
with his owne. I am sure ye knowe
Gilbert the Hollander. Fan. Very wel.
Eu. He (as it is not vnknowē) maryed
an old wife in his flourishing youth. rā.

aduenture he marid the good and not
the woman. Eulalya. There sayde ye
wel, setting lytel store by his old wife,
hunted a callette, with whome he kept
much company abrode, he dined or sup
ped litell at home. What wouldest thou
haue sayd to that gere:rantippa. What
woulde I haue sayde: I woulde haue
flowe to the hores toppe, and I would
haue crowned myne husbände at hyg
oute goyng to her, with a pylbowle,
that he so enbatomed might haue gone
vnto his souerayne lady. Eulalia. But
howe muche wysely dyd this woman:
she desyred that younge woman home
vnto her, and made her good chere, so
by that meanes she broughte home al
so her husbād without any witchcraft
or sorcery, and if that at anye season he
supped abrode with her, she woulde
sende vnto them some good daynty
morsel, and byd hym make good chere:
rantippa. I had leuer been slaine then
I woulde be bawde vnto myne awone
husbände, Eulalya. Yea, but consyder
all

all thynges well, was not that muche
better, then she shoulde be her thre-
wythnesse haue put her husbandes
mynde cleyne of from her, and so haue
ledde all her lyfe in trouble and heuy-
nesse. Antippa. I graunte you well,
that it was better so but I coulde not
abyde it. Eulalya. I wyll tell you a
pzetty story more, and so make an ende
One of oure neyghbozes, a well dys-
posed and a goddes man, but that he
is some what testye, on a day pome-
de his wyfe well and thryftely about
the pate and so good a woman as e-
uer was bozne, she pycked her into a
inner parler, and there wepyng and
sobbyng, eased her heuy harte, anone
after, by chaunce her husbände came
into the same place, and founde hye
wyfe weping. What sytest thou heare
saith he leighing & sobbig like a chil-
de: The like a wise womā said. Is
it not more honesty for me to lamente
my dolours here in a secrete place, the
to make wondering and an oute crye
in

in the strete, as other women do. At so
wysely and womanly asaiing his hart
melted, promysynge her faythefully ye
and truelike that he woulde neuer laye
stroke on her afterwarde, nor neuer
dye. Kantip. No more wyl mine, god
thanke my selfe. Eulalia. But then ye
are alwaies one at auother, agreynge
lyke dogges and cattes. Kan. What
wouldest thou that I should do? Eu.
Fyrst and forynest, whatsoeuer thi hus-
bande dothe sayde thou nothings, for
his harte must be wonne by lytel and
lytel by fayre meanes, gentilnesse and
forbearynge, at the last thou shalt ey-
ther wyne hym or at the leaste waye
thou shalt leade a better life the thou
doest now. Kantippa. He his betonde
goddess forbode, he wil neuer amende
Eulalya. Ye saye not soe, there is no
beest so wyld but by fayre hadling be
tamed, neuer mistrust man the. Alas
a muneth or two, blame me and thou
findeste not that my counsell dothe
ease. There be some fautes with you
though

though thou se them, be wyse of thyg
esperyall that thou neuer gyue hym
foule wordes in þe chambze, oz in bed
but be sure that all thynges there be
full of pastyme and pleasure. . For if
that place which is ordeyned to make
amēdes for all fautes and so to reneuo
loue, be polluted, eyther with stryfe oz
grugynges, then sayze wel al hope of
loue dayes, oz atonementes, yet there
be some beestes so waitwarde and mis
cheuous, that when theyr husbandes
hath them in theyr armes a bed, they
scolde & chyde making þe same pleasur
theyr leuode conditions (that expelleth
all displeasures oute of theyr husban
des mynde vnpleasaunt and lytell set
bi corrupting the medecine that shuld
haue cured al deely grefes, and odible
offences. Xanti. That is no newes to
me. Eula. Though the woman shulde
be wel ware and wyse that she should
neuer be disobediēt vnto her husbād,
yet she ought to be most circūspect þat
that

that at metyng she shew her selfe redy
and pleasaunt vnto hym. Xantippa.
Pea vnto a man, I holde wel wythall
but I am combed with a beest. Eula
No more of those wordes, moost com-
monly our husbādes ar euyl through
our owne faulte, but to returne again
vnto our tale they that are sene in the
olde fabels of Poetes say that Venus
whome they make chyfe lady of wed-
locke hath a gyrdle made by the han-
dy worke of Vulcan her hūde, and
in that is thurst al that enforceth loue
and wyth that she gyrdethe her when
so euer she lyeth with her husbāde.
Xantippa. A tale of a tubbe. Eulalia.
A tale it is, but herken what the tale
meaneth. Xantippa. Tell me. Eulalia
That teacheth vs that the wise ought
to dyspose her selfe all that she maye
that lieng by her husbā she shew hym
al the pleasur that she cā. Wherby the
honest loue of matrimony may reuiue
and by tenewed, & that there with be
cleane dispatched al grudges & malice
Xan.

Fant. But how shall we come by this
gyrdle? **Eula.** We nede neyther wyl-
craft nor enchauntmēt, there is non
of them al, so sure as honest conditiōs
accompained with good felothip. **Fan**
I can not fanoure suche an husbande
as mine is. **Eula.** It is moost thy pro-
fyt that he be no longer suche. If thou
couldest by thy **Circes** craft chaunge
thin husband in to an hogge, or a boze
wouldest thou do it? **Fantip.** God kno-
meth. **Eula.** Art thou in dout? haddest
thou leauer marpe an hogge then a
mā. **Fantippa.** Mary **I** had leauer ha-
ne, a man. **Eulalia.** Wel, what & thou
couldest by sozeri make him of a dō-
karde a soober man, of a vnthryfte a
good husbande of an ydell losell a to-
warde body, woldeste thou not doo it?
Fantip. Yes, hardeli, woulde **I** doo it.
But where shoulde **I** learne the con-
ning? **Eula.** For soth that cōning hast
thou in the yf thou wouldest vtter it,
thyn must he be, mauer thy heed, the
towardes þ makesthyun the better it is

for the, thou lokest on nothing but on
his leude conditions, & they make the
halfe made thou wouldest amede him
and thou putteste hym farther out of
frame, loke rather on his good condi-
cions, & so shalt thou make him better
It is to late to calagayne yester day,
before thou were maryed vnto hym.
It was tyme to cōsider what his fau-
tes were, for a womā should not only
take her husbände by the eyes but by
the eares. Now it is more tyme to re-
dresse fautes thē to fynde fautes. Kan.
What woman euer toke her husbände
by the eares. Eulalia. She taketh her
husbände by the eyes that loketh on
nothyng, but on the beautye and pul-
critude of the body. She taketh hym
by the eares, that harkeneth diligētly
what the common voice sayth by him
Kantip. Thy counsayl is good, but yt
commeth a daie after the sayre. Eul a.
Yet it commeth tyme ynough to brin-
ke thyne husbände to a greate furthe-
raunce to that shall be yf God sende
you

you any frute togyther, rantippa. We
are speede al redy of that. Culali. How
longe ago. rantip. A good while ago.
Culali. How many monethes olde is
it. rantip. It lacketh lytel of. vii. Cu.
What a tale is this, ye reken the mo-
nethes by nyghtes and dayes double.
rantippa. Not so. Cula. It can not be
none other wyse, yf ye reken from the
marriage day. Rantip. Yea, but what
thē, I spake with him befoze we were
marryed. Culalia. Be chyl dren gotten
by speakynge. rantip. It befell so that
he mette me alone and begon to tycke
at me, and tyckled me vnder the arme
holes and sides to make me laughe. I
myght not away wyth tycklynge, but
fell do bene backwarde vpon a bed,
and he a loft, neuer leuynge kyssynge
on me, what he did els I can not saie,
but by sainte Mary wythin a whyle
after my bely beganne to swell. Cula.
Go now and dispryse thine husbāde
whiche yf he gette chyl dren by playe,
what wyl he do when he goeth to it in
good

good earnest. Rantip. I fere me I am
payed agayn. Cula. Good lucke God
hath sent a fruytfull grounde, a good
tilmā. rantip. In that thing he might
haue lesse labour and moze thanke.
Cula. Few wyues fynde at theyr hus-
bandes in that behalfe but were ie the
sure together. ranti. Yea that we were
Cula. The offence is the lesse. Is it a
man chyld. ranti. Yea. Cula. He shal
make you at one so that ye wyl both
forbere. What sayeth other mē by their
husband, they that be his cōpanyons,
delite thei with him abrode. rā. They
say that he is interuelous gentill, redy
to do every man pleasure, liberall and
sure to his frende. Cula. And that put-
teth me in good cōfort that he wyl be
ruled after our counsaill. rantip. But
I fynde hym not so. Cula. Order thy
selfe to hym as I haue tolde the, and
cal me nomoze true sayer but a lier, yf
he be not so good vnto the as to anye
creature lyuinge Agayne cōspyre this
he is yet but a chyld, I thinke he passeth
seth

leth not foure and twenty, the blacke
ore neuer trade on his foote, nowe it is
but losse labour to reken vpon any de
horse. Fantippa, Yet many a tyme and
oft I haue troubled my braynes with
all. Eulalya. As for that fantasie whē
so euer it commeth into your mynde,
first of all counte howe naketh a thyng
woman is, deuorled from man. It is
the hyghest dignitie that longeth to the
wyfe to be obsequious vnto her spouse.
So hath nature ordeyned, so god hath
appoynted, that the woman shoulde be
ruled all by the man, looke onely vpon
this whiche is trouthe, thine husbande
he is, an other canste thou none haue.
Againe forgette not that swete babe be
gotten of both your bodies, what thin-
kest thou to dooe with that, wilt thou
take it awaye with thee? Thou shalt
bereue thyne husbande his ryght, wilt
thou leue it with hym: thou shalt spoy-
le thy selfe of thy chiefeste Jewell thou
hast. Besyde all this tel me truely hast
thou none euyl wyllers? Fantippa.

I haue a stepdame, I wdarant you, &
myne husbandes mother, euen such an
other. Eulalia. Dooe they hate the so
deadly? Antippa. They would see me
hanged. Eulalia. Then forget not the
what greater pleasure couldest thou
shewe them, then to se the deuorled
from thyne husbande and to leade a
wydowes lyfe? Yea and worse then a
widowe, for wydowes be at their choy-
se. Antippa. I holde well with youre
counsell, but I can not away with the
paynes. Eulalia. Yet reken what pay-
nes ye take or ye could teache your pa-
rot to speake. Antippa. Exceedynge
much. Eu. And thynke you muche to
labour a litel in resourmyng your hus-
bande, with whome you may lyne me-
tely all the dayes of your lyne? What
busynes doe men put them selues to be
well and easely horsed, and shall we
thynke our selues to good to take pay-
nes that we may haue our husbandes
gentyll and curteyse vnto vs? Antip.
What shall I do? Eu. I haue told you
already

alredy; se that al thyng be cleane & trim.
at home; that no sluttysch oz vnclenlye
syghtes dyspue hym oute a doozes. Be
your selfe alwayes redy at a becke, bea-
ryng contynually in mynde what reue-
rence the wyue oweth vnto her husbād.
Be neyther in youre dumppes, noz al-
wayes on your mery pynnes, go ney-
ther to homely noz to nicely. Let youre
meat be cleane dressed, you know your
husbandes diet. What he loueth best &
dresse. Moreover shewe your selfe lo-
uing and faire spoken vnto thē where
he loueth, call them now and then vn-
to your table. At meate, se that al thin-
ges be well fauoured, and make good
chere. And when that he is toppe heuy,
plaiyng on his Lute, sytte thou by; &
syng to hym, so shalt thou make hym
kepe home, and lessen his expences.

This shal he thinke at length, in sayth
I am a founde felowe that maketh
suche chere with a strumpette abroode
with greate losse both of substaunce &
name, seyng that I haue a wyfe at ho-

me both muche fayzer, and one that to-
ueth me ten tymes better, with whome
I may be both clenlyer receyued and
dayntelier cherished. Xantippa. Bele-
uest þ that it will take place & I put it
into a prose. Eulalya. Loke on me. I
warrante yt oz yt be longe I wyll in
hande wyth thyne husbāde, and I will
tell him his parte. Xantippa. Ye marpe
that is well sayd. But be wise that he
espye not our cast, he woulde playe his
vages, all the house shoulde be to lytel
for hym. Eulalya. Take no thought.
I shall so conueye my matters, that he
shall dysclose altogether hymself, what
busynesse is betwene you, that done, I
wyll handle hym pretely as I thynke
beste, and I truste to make hym a new
man for the, and when I se my tyme I
wyll make a lye for the, howe lounge
thou hast spoken of hym. Xantippa.

Christe spede vs and bynge our pur-
pose well about. Eulalya. He wyll not
fayle the, so thou do thy good wyll.

There



Here was a man that married
a woman whiche hadde greate
riches & beaوتie. Howe be it
she hadde suche an impediment of na-
ture that she was domme and coulde
not speake, whiche thyng made hym
righte pensyfe, and sadde, wherfore v-
pon a daye as he walked alone righte
heuy in hearte thynkyng vpon hys
wyfe. There came one to hym and as-
ked him what was the cause of his he-
ynesse whych he answered that it was
onely because his wyfe was domme.
To whome this other said I shal
shewe the soone a remedie and a medi-
cine therfore that is thus. Go take an
aspen leafe and lay it vnder her touge
this nyghte (she being a sleape) and I
warrante the that she shall speake on
the morowe whych man beinge glad
of this medycyne prepared therfore
and gathered aspen leaues; wherfore
he layed thre of them vnder her toun-
ge when she was a sleape. And on the
morowe when he hym self awaked

Desyrous to know howe hys medicine
wrought beinge in bed with her, he de
maunded of her how she did, and sodē
ly she answered and saide, I bethrewe
thy harte for wakinge me so early, and
so by the vertue of that medycyne she
was restored to her speche. But in cō
clusion her spech encreased day bi day
and she was so curst of cōdycon that
euery daye she bzailed and chid with
her husbände, so muche at the laste he
was moze vexed and had muche moze
trouble and dyscase with her shrewed
woordes thē he hadde before when she
was domme, wherfore as he walked
another tyme alone he happened to
mete agayne with the same personne
that taughte hym the sayde medycyne
and sayde to hym thys wyse. Syr ye
taught me a medicin but late to make
my domme wyfe to speake, byddynge
me laie an Aspen leafe vnder her tou
ge when she sleapte, and I layde thre
Aspen leaues there. Wherfore now
she speakethe But yet she speakethe so
much

much & so cherebedlie that I am more
werper of her, now then I was whē
she was dōme: Wherfore I praye you
teache me a medycyne to modysye her
that she speake not so muche. This o-
ther answered and sayde thus. Syr I
am a denil of hel, but I am one of the
that haue least power there. All be yet
I haue power to make a woman to
speake, but and yf a woman begyne
ones to speake, I noz al the deuyls in
hel that haue the mooste power be not
able to make a woman to be styll, noz
to cause her to leaue her speakyng.

The ende of this pleasaūt dialogue
declaring the seuerall properties of the
two contrarpe dysposycyons of the
wyues afore sayd.

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